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THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH POPE

BY

F. M. STEELE

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EDITED BY THE REV. DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

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THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH POPE

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The views expressed in Chap. X on the alleged grant of Ireland by Adrian IV to Henry II are substantially those of Mr. Thatcher, who, to the Author's mind, has uttered the final word on this difficult subject.

July 24th, 1908.

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THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH POPE

CHAPTER I

THE BOY NICHOLAS

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Browning.

NEVER in the whole course of history has the proverb that "Truth is stranger than fiction" been better exemplified than in the case of Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever occupied the Chair of St. Peter. The tale of the mythical Dick Whittington, romantic though it be, is quite commonplace in comparison with the true story of this other

wandering beggar-lad, who, by virtue of his own abilities, rose, as we hope to tell, from the extreme poverty of a vagrant scholar, through the various degrees of Canon, Abbot, Legate, and Cardinal, to the proud position of Supreme Pontiff. Nicholas did even more, for he became not only a Pope, but a very good and great Pope, and we are not half proud enough of this countryman of ours whose success was in large measure due to his eminently English characteristics. Unfortunately very little is known about his early life, and about that little historians are not always agreed.

He was born about the year 1100, in the village or hamlet of King's Langley, or Abbot's Langley (they are about a mile apart) in Hertfordshire, near the town of St. Albans. St. Albans, situated on the little river Ver, whence it got its ancient name of Verulam, is, as every one knows, one of the very oldest towns in England. It was first a British and then a Roman settlement, and even in Nicholas's boyhood was looked upon as a place of some antiquity. The abbey church, founded in 1077, was

built on the site of a still more ancient church, dedicated to the memory of St. Alban, the first English martyr, after whom the town was named. This famous Benedictine Abbey of St. Albans was the centre of Catholic life in the neighbourhood, and was indeed, like all monasteries of the Order, almost a little town in itself, for the monks reaped their own corn, baked their own bread, cut the fleece and probably wove the cloth for their cowls and habits: they were their own architects and builders, masons and carpenters, shoemakers and tailors, and even made their own wine; in short, as was enjoined by the rule of their great founder, everything they needed was, as far as possible, produced by their own labour, within the limits of the lands belonging to the monastery. Near this old town then, and its flourishing monastery, the future English Pope was born and bred, little dreaming of the high fortune in store for him.

His parents were very poor, but as one chronicler assures us that they came of "a decent stock," we may suppose they were respectable folk, especially as it is known

that down to the fifteenth century there were well-to-do families of the name of Breakspeare still in the neighbourhood. One writer thinks that Breakspeare was the name of the birthplace of Nicholas, and that his father's name was Robert de Camera, and this is the opinion of Matthew Paris, himself a monk of St. Albans a hundred years later. It is not very material which of these theories is correct, but the weight of authority inclines to the belief that Nicholas was the son of one Robert Breakspeare, who entered the Abbey of St. Albans as a lay brother when Nicholas was a mere boy. We are not told what became of the boy's mother after this event, all we know for certain is that Nicholas owed much to her pious training, and that years afterwards, when she was old and lacked the bare necessaries of life, her son, who had then become Pope, was appealed to on her behalf, but declared that it was not lawful for him to apply the revenues of the Holy See to such a purpose, adding that she ought to be provided for by the province of Canterbury in which she resided. Doubtless he took care to see that this was done, for it

is hardly credible that so good a man and so tender-hearted a spiritual father should have neglected the sacred duty of supporting his mother in her old age and dire need.

Robert Breakspeare does not appear to have troubled himself much about his parental duties, and one cannot help thinking that it would have been better for him to have remained in the world and looked after his wife and children—we know that there was more than one child, because John of Salisbury mentions a brother. However this may be, it is plain that Nicholas was left unprovided for, and the story runs that he used to go to the monastery every day for his pittance, and at the same time pick up what crumbs of learning he could. This was not an unusual proceeding in mediaeval days when, happily, there were no workhouses, those who needed help turning naturally to the monasteries, where they were fed and taught by the charitable monks for Our Lord's sake.

It is also said that Nicholas was employed at the monastery, and this seems probable enough, but according to another account

he was an idle lad and would not work, preferring to beg at the Abbey, which so shamed and incensed his father that he severely scolded his son for his slothfulness, turned him away and forbade him to darken the monastery doors again.

Yet another story relates that Nicholas wished to become a monk of St. Albans, and sought the advice of Abbot Richard, who, after questioning him and finding him very deficient in scholastic knowledge, refused his request saying: "No, my son, have patience and wait awhile, you are ignorant and must study much before you can think of becoming a monk"; and the tale goes on to say that the kindly abbot in his heart believed that Nicholas would have to go far to acquire the necessary learning. If this story be true, the abbot must have had a better heart than judgment, as the sequel will show.

After his father had thus harshly cast him off, Nicholas is said to have wandered about the country, begging his bread as he went, or, what is more probable, working for it, having doubtless made up his mind, when he

started, that he would leave his own inhospitable land and make his way to France.

Living as he did some fifty years or so after the Norman Conquest, he must have picked up a little French from the Norman conquerors who had settled down among the Saxons, and heard from them a good deal about France, and, like many others of his young countrymen, past and present, longed to see a little more of the larger world beyond the seas.

Moreover, in those days it was quite the custom for poor scholars to wander through Europe, from monastery to monastery, in search of knowledge. Nicholas's intimate friend, John of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, one of the most cultivated men of his time, and a celebrated chronicler, also began his career by wandering through France picking up scraps of learning as he went.

None of the biographers of Nicholas tell us how he got to France, and so we can only conjecture that he made his way first to London, then along the great high road through Rochester and Canterbury until he

came to the port of Dover, where he probably got a berth aboard some coasting vessel, and worked his way across the Channel, a much more lengthy proceeding in those days than now, especially if the ship that Nicholas sailed in was anything like the unwieldy structures depicted on the wonderful Bayeux tapestry, almost our only, though somewhat unreliable, authority. "Unreliable," we say, for the clever court ladies who wove it evidently knew more about needlework than nautical matters—a trip by sea in those slow-moving sailing vessels being a business not to be lightly undertaken save by seafaring folk.

According to all available evidence, none of these boats could have been more than 30 tons. They were without a deck and rudder, being guided by an oar at the stern, which primitive method of steering must have made the task of negotiating the dangerous currents of the Channel one of no small danger. However, in spite of the difficulties, people managed to cross the Channel safely, even in those days, and so did Nicholas.

We do not know how long he took to get from Abbot's Langley to Calais, but it is generally supposed that he landed in France about 1120, and with his arrival there the second chapter of our history begins.

CHAPTER II

NICHOLAS A RELIGIOUS

Morning, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.
Browning.

AT the time when the tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, handsome English lad—for so his early biographers describe him—landed, a homeless stranger, on French soil, the chief centre of learning in Europe was to be found at Paris. Thither scholars from all parts gravitated, and thither, too, trudged threadbare Nicholas, his mind athirst for knowledge and his imagination aglow with all the bright dreams of youth.

Studying hard, he spent some years in Paris, and by his native talents soon made up the leeway of his early disabilities. There is a tradition that one of his favourite teachers was an Irish monk named Marianus, and, if this be true, we may infer that he pursued his studies in a monastery. It is

thought that he left Paris about 1125 and wandered south until he came to the famous schools of Arles, near Avignon, of which he had probably heard in Paris. Here we must say a word in admiration of the courage and energy of this young student, now in the bloom of early manhood, boldly setting out on foot, without money, to beg or work his way, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, across a foreign country in days when roads were few and robbers many.

There is an old tradition in the Premonstratensian Order that at this time in his career Nicholas joined them and was professed in one of their houses: he certainly was a pupil in one, for he himself mentions it in a Papal brief, and most likely the Canons gave him board and lodging: whether he took the habit and was professed is rather doubtful, seeing that he afterwards entered another Congregation, as we shall see presently.

The Premonstratensian Order had only been founded by St. Norbert at Premontré about five years before Nicholas is said to

have entered it. In passing we may remark upon the origin of the curious name of this Order. St. Norbert, when seeking a place on which to build his first monastery, had a vision of an old chapel in a wood near Rheims, round which monks in white habits, carrying tapers, walked in procession, singing psalms. This he understood to be the place that God meant him to select for his monastery, and so called it "premonstratum" or "premontré"—*the place shown.*

But to return to Nicholas, whether he was ever a Canon of Premontré or not, it is certain that he joined the Canons of St. Rufus at their monastery near Avignon, the ruins of which still exist. This Congregation was founded by four of the Canons from the Cathedral of Avignon, who, when the other Canons gave up the religious life, into which relaxations had crept, decided in 1139 to make a fresh start on stricter lines, and took their title from a little church dedicated to St. Rufus, near which they made their first foundation. They followed the rule of St. Augustine, and soon became a very flourishing congregation, and at their prime

umbered more than fifty Abbeys, besides nany Priories, in France, whilst in Belgium n 1130, about the time Nicholas joined hem, they had thirty Abbeys and over ighty Priories: they also spread into Spain nd Portugal and even into the East.

The Canons of St. Rufus wore a white abit and a black girdle, and instead of a ochet, such as the Augustinian Canons ave, they adopted a kind of scarf or sash f white linen, worn across the left shoulder, s a deacon wears his stole. Several distinguished men belonged to the Order, which gave two Popes to the Church, Anastasius IV, Nicholas's predecessor, who died in 1154, nd who had formerly been the Abbot of ne monastery of St. Rufus near Orleans, nd Adrian IV himself.

It is supposed that Nicholas first of all ntered the monastery of St. Rufus as a ervitor, then took the habit as a lay brother, nd by his learning and courtesy so won the ffection and respect of the Canons that they nvited him to become one of themselves, nd accordingly he served his novitiate and as professed. He must also have been

ordained priest, and, after living among them for several years, so distinguished himself by his learning and devotion to the Rule that he was elected Prior, and ultimately, on the death of the Abbot in 1137, became his successor.

Nicholas had now got his feet firmly planted on the ladder of success. Hitherto the toilsomeness of the ascent had been of little moment to him, possessed as he was of an indomitable will and inexhaustible patience, but no sooner had he raised himself head and shoulders above his fellows than his real difficulties began, and it required all his stock of wisdom and tactfulness to retain the position he had won and prevent him from slipping back into obscurity again.

Very soon after his election murmurings began to be heard in the monastery against his strict rule. Perhaps his fellow monks had imagined that the former quiet, pious, humbly-born lay brother would prove a very compliant superior. If so, they were woefully mistaken, one of the first acts of the newly-created Abbot being to reform

he discipline of the house, which in some articulars had become relaxed. Nicholas lid not ask his subjects to follow where he vas not prepared to lead, and no one was nore assiduous than he in strict adherence o the rigid rules of the foundation, but that nly made the recalcitrants all the more itter in their opposition. Possibly the fact hat Abbot Nicholas was of different nation-lity from the rest of the Congregation may ave lessened the chance of a settlement. Certain it is that the grumblings continued, nd at last culminated in open rebellion, a ot infrequent occurrence in the history of he religious Orders when the community ound that the superior they had chosen was tricter than they hoped he would be.

The reigning Pope at that time was the aintly Eugenius III, who had himself been Cistercian monk at Clairvaux, under the reat St. Bernard, before he was raised to ne pontifical throne, and was at this time esiding at Paris, having been driven from Rome by Arnold of Brescia, of whom we hall have more to say in another place.

The Canons of St. Rufus, finding that

their new Abbot knew how to be master
his own house and was not to be moved
ill-founded complaints, preferred charg
against him and appealed to the Pop
Abbot Breakspeare was equal to the occ
sion, and decided to accompany the depu
tion of monks to Paris, so that he mig
present his own version of the quarrel to h
Holiness. The Pope listened patiently
the complaints of the Canons, then hea
the Abbot's defence, which was distinguish
by such gentleness, firmness, and moder
tion that Eugenius was deeply impresse
and exhorted them all to settle their diff
ences amicably. In this way a reconciliati
was brought about, and Abbot Breakspea
with his repentant sons returned to St. Rufu
But the peace which had been proclaim
did not last long; fresh dissensions bro
out, worse than the former had been, a
once more the matter was carried to t
Pope.

This time Eugenius, convinced that t
Canons were in the wrong, severely rebuk
them, saying: "I know, Brothers, wh
Satan is sitting, and perceive what h

raised this storm. Go and choose for yourselves a father with whom you can live more peaceably, for this one shall be a burden to you no longer." With this stern reproof ringing in their ears, the Canons returned to their monastery, but the Pope kept the Abbot with him and, after a brief interval, created him a Cardinal-Bishop, with the title of Bishop of Albano. It is interesting to know that, of the thirty-four Englishmen who have received the coveted hat, Nicholas was the second, the first who ever wore it being Robert Pulleyn, formerly Archdeacon of Rochester, created Cardinal by Lucius II in 1144, two or three years before that honour fell upon Breakspeare.

CHAPTER III

CARDINAL BREAKSPEARE

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
Shakespeare.

THE tide which leads to fortune was now flowing at the feet of our hero, and he did not fail to take it at the flood. His opportunity came soon after he was created Cardinal, when the Pope sent him as Legate into Norway and Sweden on a very important mission.

Just at this time Pope Eugenius III and his bosom friend and counsellor, the great St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, were trying to bring those European countries remote from Rome (which up till then, because of the difficulties of communication and other causes, had been loosely controlled by foreign prelates, naturally somewhat out of sympathy with their distant subjects) into closer touch with the Holy See, by establishing primacies

within the countries concerned, for which purpose Cardinal Paparo was sent to Ireland and Nicholas Breakspeare to Scandinavia.

Besides this primary object of establishing Metropolitan Sees in Norway and Sweden, Nicholas had before him the equally important task of delivering the Scandinavian Church from the oppression of the State which there as elsewhere was, and is always, encroaching on the rights of the Spiritual Power.

With regard to the first of these objects, both countries had for some time been petitioning to have an Archbishop and Metropolitan of their own, especially as, since 1102, Denmark had enjoyed that privilege, Pope Paschal II having in that year given the Danish Church a metropolitan see at Lund—situated in those South Swedish provinces which then belonged to Denmark—and included Norway and Sweden in its jurisdiction. Considering that the three Scandinavian kingdoms were almost incessantly at war with one another, it was to be expected that the Norwegian and Swedish clergy would look with no particular favour

upon their Danish Metropolitan, the less so when they found that he was inclined to rule them with a tighter hand than their former Primate, the Archbishop of Bremen. The question of the establishment of a primacy within the Norwegian realm had indeed almost been solved in 1151, when Reidar, Bishop of Nidarosa, journeyed to Rome and was invested by Pope Eugenius with the Pallium—the outward sign of archiepiscopal authority—but died before he could get back to Norway. The next year the Pope took measures to appoint his successor, and Cardinal Breakspeare's mission was the result.

The Cardinal set out on his journey in 1152, travelling from France by way of England, where he was delayed some time by the devastating Civil War of Stephen's reign. We can fancy with what strange feelings the powerful favourite of the Sovereign Pontiff, attended by a numerous suite in the state befitting his august mission, must have looked upon his native country, which he had left as a friendless beggar some thirty years before. The hills

and plains, the towns and villages, were but little altered, only the people were changed, but not in all England was any one so transformed as the man who had once tramped, homeless and footsore, through the quiet Hertfordshire lanes.

It is probable that the Pope chose him for this mission because he was an Englishman, and could the better therefore understand and sympathize with the character of those rude, half-barbarous, northern nations whose blood ran in his own veins; possibly also the fact that Nicholas was a good linguist, and able to speak a little Norse, had something to do with his appointment.

He arrived in Norway in the month of June, 1152, and appears to have gone first to Nidarosa, now called Drontheim, where was a Cathedral dedicated to St. Olaf, Norway's patron saint, whose relics were enshrined there. It is an interesting fact that in Pre-Reformation days St. Olaf was a very popular Saint also in this country, and some of our churches were dedicated to him.

On the Legate's arrival he found the country in a very unsettled condition, the

three sons, Sigurd, Inge, and Eystein, of the murdered King, Harold Gille, jointly occupying the precarious throne. There was continual strife between these unnatural brothers, each striving for the mastery. Alone of the three, Inge seems to have shown signs of a generous spirit, and some capacity for government, and he was the people's favourite. Some writers say that Inge was a cripple, others that he was hump-backed; certainly he was deformed in some way.

It is apparent that in a country governed, or, rather misgoverned, by three quarrelsome brothers, very astute management on the part of the Cardinal Legate was necessary to bring his mission to any satisfactory conclusion. As events proved no wiser choice could have been made. Strong-willed though he was, Nicholas was yet possessed of a graciousness of manner which took away all the sting of his authority. With great skill he set himself to the task of reconciling the three brothers, and before long induced them to lay down their arms and do penance for their sins.

Peace being thus restored the Cardinal then turned his attention to ecclesiastical affairs, and at a representative assembly of the whole nation, probably held at Nidarosa, and attended by the three kings, the bishops, and twelve men from each diocese, the Cardinal solemnly bestowed the Pallium upon John Byrgesson, Bishop of Stavanger, who was created Archbishop of Nidarosa, and had under his jurisdiction the sees of Stavanger, Bergen, and Apsloe, besides the Orkneys, Hebrides, and the Faroë Islands, which were then Norwegian colonies. Added to these, Nicholas put the Shetland Isles, Greenland, and the Isle of Man under Nidarosa, and they remained subject to it for over two hundred years, when they were transferred to the see of York, to which they had originally owed allegiance.

The astute Legate by his tact and wisdom quickly gained such an influence over the magnates that they could refuse him nothing, and he was thus able to inaugurate many important reforms. He not only introduced greater decorum into public worship, but also the custom of Peter's Pence, by which

every house was bound to pay a certain sum yearly, namely, a gold piece of Norwegian money, to the Holy See; nor must we forget to mention one other reform that Nicholas attempted. The right of choosing the bishops had formerly belonged to the King, but the Cardinal himself appointed John of Stavanger to the see of Nidarosa, and tried to insist on the canonical election of all bishops in future, but as King Inge in 1161 made his own Chaplain—the famous Eystein Eylendsson—Archbishop of Nidarosa, it is evident that this reform was not a lasting one.

He also tried more successfully to secure regular payment for the clergy by establishing a system of tithes. Then turning his attention to the affairs of the State, he succeeded in getting passed a law which in that wild, uncivilized country prevented many a deadly feud. This law forbade all those who attended the national assembly from carrying weapons to the place of meeting, even the King being restricted to twelve armed men, an exception conceded not so much to the dignity of his office as to the

necessity of providing some means of enforcing his judicial sentences.

"In various other ways," says Snorre, the Icelandic historian of those times, "he reformed the manners and customs of the natives during his stay, so that there never came to this land a stranger who was more honoured and beloved both by princes and people." Before Nicholas left the country he also created a new see at Hammer, and afterwards sent English architects and artists to build and decorate the new Cathedral and a Convent there.

So great was the impression he had created in the minds of the rude inhabitants by his remarkable personality, that when he left they loaded him with presents, while he, on his part, promised to be their friend always; a promise he faithfully kept, for when he became Pope, none of the many visitors to Rome were more honoured than the wild Northmen amongst whom he had sometime sojourned.

CHAPTER IV

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH

His greatness is a-ripening.—*Shakespeare.*

THE ability and kindliness which Nicholas had shown in accomplishing his difficult mission had won for him among the turbulent Norwegians the name of "the Good Cardinal," but, before he left the Scandinavian peninsula, he had established a claim to the higher title of the Apostle of the North. Indeed, he loomed so large in the minds of these half civilized Goths that, many years after he was dead and almost forgotten in Italy, his memory was still cherished and reverenced in Scandinavia as that of a Saint—no mean tribute from a people whose natural dispositions were anything but pacific.

After his departure from Norway Nicholas proceeded by way of Hammer, which is about one hundred and eighty miles south of Nidarosa, to Linkoping in Gothland.

No details of this journey of two hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies, have been preserved, but it must have been a tedious and difficult one, the country then, as now, being thickly wooded and the roads in deplorable condition.

Sweden from very early times—Tacitus mentions it in his *Germania*—had been split up between two great families, the Swedes and the Goths, whose rivalries kept the country in a continual ferment of civil strife. Twenty years before the coming of the Cardinal Legate an attempt had been made to unite the two nations under one king, Swerker or Swercus, and it was also agreed that a Swedish and Gothic prince should reign alternately, but the plan did not work well, and the people soon fell back again into their riotous ways.

King Swerker, unlike most of the early Swedish Kings, was of a very peaceful disposition, and was, moreover, a devoted upholder of the Church. He founded many monasteries and churches, and invited monks from St. Bernard's Monastery at Clairvaux to occupy them. His chief failing was an

inordinate fondness for his profligate young son John, whose ill doings were soon to bear the fruit of a Danish invasion.

The first thing the Cardinal Legate did on his arrival in Sweden was to hold a synod at Linkoping in Gothland, but very little is known of what happened there, except that the Goths and Swedes quarrelled violently, and could neither agree upon an Archbishop nor upon a place for his Metropolitan See. Some writers say that Eskil, Archbishop of Lund, angry at the prospect of losing his jurisdiction over Sweden as well as over Norway, had secretly plotted to foster the rivalry between Sweden proper and Gothland, and raised a storm that King Swerker was not strong enough to quell, but against this opinion we must set the known fact that Eskil and Nicholas were close friends and so continued throughout their lives.

The Swedes, who lived in the north of the country, were less civilized even than the Goths, and had only recently been converted to Christianity. Indeed, not much more than twenty years before Cardinal Breakspeare held his council at Linkoping there

still existed a heathen temple at Upsala, which Inge the Goth destroyed. It was at this city of Upsala, where Odin's temple had stood within living memory, and where their kings had been acclaimed from time immemorial, that the newly converted Swedes insisted that the seat of the proposed Metropolitan See should be fixed; the inhabitants of Gothland, on the other hand, declared for their own town of Skara. It appears to us obvious that the long-standing enmity and jealousy existing between the two races were quite sufficient to prevent either giving way without supposing that it was Eskil's influence that fanned the smouldering embers into a conflagration. Be that as it may, the quarrel proved too stubborn even for the judicious Nicholas, and the matter of the Archbishopric had to be left in abeyance.

He, however, consecrated St. Henry, Bishop of Upsala, and induced the Thing to consent to some important reforms in the lax marriage laws. The custom of Peter's Pence was also introduced through his initiative, as we learn from a letter of Pope Anastasius IV, dated November 1154, in

which he specially mentions having received it. This reform did much to bring Sweden into closer touch with the Holy See, and compensated, in some measure, for Nicholas's failure to settle the vexed question of the primacy.

After leaving Sweden Nicholas proceeded to Denmark on a visit to his friend Archbishop Eskil, who received him with every mark of honour and attention. Nicholas made a long stay with the Archbishop, and before he left gave into his charge the Pallium of the Swedish Metropolitan, whom he had failed to create, until such time as the quarrel about his appointment could be amicably settled. He also granted Eskil the privilege of retaining the title of Primate of Sweden, with the right of consecrating the future Archbishops and of investing them with the Pallium, an honour which no doubt salved any soreness that Eskil may have felt in regard to the loss of his Scandinavian jurisdiction, especially as, in addition, he was permitted to add to his other titles that of Legate of the Apostolic See in the three kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

While Nicholas was in Denmark he tried o dissuade King Sweyn from his proposed expedition against Sweden. Sweyn had been provoked to this resolution by the perfidious conduct of Prince John of Sweden, who had carried off by force the wife and sister-in-aw of the Governor of Halland, one of the Danish provinces in South Sweden. King Sweyn considered this as an affront to the whole Danish nation, and made immediate preparations for war. No sooner, however, had King Swerker heard of his headstrong son's conduct than he repudiated all participation in it, and sent several embassies begging for peace. Sweyn, esteeming these overtures a sign of weakness, became the more eager to engage in the undertaking, and, like many another would-be conqueror, tried to raise the enthusiasm of his soldiers by distributing amongst them the as yet unsubjugated Swedish jarldoms.

Cardinal Nicholas in vain urged upon the obstinate Dane the folly of engaging in a struggle where the risks of failure were great and the advantages of success so small. "If he spider," said the Cardinal pithily, "by

disembowelling herself at least caught the flies she gave chase to, yet the Danes could only expect to run the certain risk of losing their lives in the proposed campaign."

The Cardinal's words were only too true, the expedition proving disastrous to the Danes, not so much on account of any great preparations for defence made by the pacific Swerker, but because of the severity of the Swedish winter, which killed thousands of the Danish horses, and so wearied the Danish soldiers that they deserted in large numbers and returned home. In the end Sweyn's army was shattered, he himself, covered with shame, barely escaped, and not long after was murdered by two of his own servants. Prince John, the cause of the war, met with no better fate, being assassinated in a riot while collecting troops to fight against the invaders.

While this war was in progress Cardinal Breakspeare left Denmark and returned to Rome. He wrote an account of his Northern Mission, and also compiled Catechisms of Christian doctrine for Norway and Sweden, which shows that he understood the lan-

Cardinal Breakspeare leaving Norway laden with Gifts.

guage of both those countries, but unfortunately all these writings of his have been lost.

We know nothing of his journey back to Rome, nor the route he took, but he reached the Eternal City before November 28th, 1153, and found great changes had taken place in his absence. The good Pope Eugenius III, of Blessed Memory, who before his election to the Papacy was Abbot of the Cistercian Monastery of SS. Vincent and Anastasius in Rome, had died the previous year, 1153, after a troubled reign of eight years. He was beatified by Pope Pius IX in 1872. In his stead the aged Anastasius IV, who had been a Canon of St. Rufus and afterwards Abbot of the house of St. Rufus at Orleans, was elected on July 7th, 1153, being then nearly ninety years of age. He was a great lover of the poor, and during the terrible famine which prevailed over a large part of Europe during his reign, gave alms most generously to relieve his suffering flock, so that it could not be said of him "that the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." He died in the city only a week after Cardinal

Breakspeare's return from the North, on December 4th, 1154, after a short reign of only sixteen months, and was buried in the Church of St. John Lateran. His motto was, "Keep me, O Lord, as the pupil of Thine eye."

On his death Cardinal Breakspeare was, of course, one of the six Cardinal Bishops who entered into the Conclave to elect a new Pope. This was the first Conclave Nicholas had joined, having been absent when Anastasius IV was elected, and it is probable —for, in spite of his powerful intellect and forceful character, he was humble of heart— that Nicholas, when he entered it, guessed as little as the rest of the world outside, that the thoughts of all present were turned toward him.

CHAPTER V

ARNOLD OF BRESCIA

None think the great unhappy but the great.
"*Love of Fame*," *Young.*

THE election of a Pope has sometimes taken many weeks or months, during which time the Cardinals have been shut up in conclave, but on this occasion it was settled much more quickly, Nicholas being unanimously elected by the thirty-two Cardinals then living, if indeed they all took part in his election, which was held in St. Peter's Church on the day after the death of Anastasius IV. When the result of the election was made known, Nicholas tried hard to refuse the high dignity, but, as the other Cardinals pressed it upon him, he at last consented, and the following day, the 5th of December, was solemnly installed in the Chair of St. Peter, under the title of Adrian IV, amidst the acclamations of the people.

One of his biographers remarks "that in

changing his fortune he changed his name." This custom of a Pope choosing another name on his election dates from A.D. 955 when Ottaviano Conti took the name of John XII, but the rule has not been invariably followed; for instance, the Dutch Pope, Adrian VI, retained his baptismal name.

Almost immediately after Adrian's accession began those trials and difficulties which led him afterwards to tell his English friend, John of Salisbury, that "the Papal throne was a thorny seat, and that he had been between the hammer and the anvil ever since he had sat upon it." None of the great Popes felt the responsibilities of their exalted position more than Adrian, and it says much for his strength of mind and character that, in the midst of difficulties which would have crushed any man of ordinary capacity, he was always able to find a path safe to tread, and from his accession to the day of his death could truly say that he had always worthily upheld the honour and dignity of the Holy See.

It was indeed a perilous time for the Church. The Crusade, in which the King of

France and the Emperor of Germany had taken part, had been a disastrous failure; the great St. Bernard, who had preached it, and had spent his life defending the Church against heretical doctrines, was dead; the city of Rome itself, as we shall show, was on the verge of a revolution, and the newly-elected Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, had crossed the Alps with a large army two months before Adrian was elected, and was now advancing south in a way that made the Pope doubtful whether he was coming as friend or foe.

But the foremost danger was to be found in the Eternal City itself, of which Adrian was not only Bishop but temporal sovereign. No sooner had he assumed the Papal crown than his Roman subjects, stirred up by a fanatical monk, Arnold of Brescia, demanded that Adrian should give up his temporal sovereignty and confine himself to his spiritual government. Before we relate what measures Adrian took in the face of this astounding proposal, we must give a short account of this Arnold of Brescia, who had been the scourge of the four preceding Popes.

Arnold of Brescia was born of poor parents, in the town from which he took his name, about 1105. After leaving school he made his way to the high schools of Paris, where, as will be remembered, Adrian had also probably studied. This famous seat of learning was almost a little world in itself, and was at that time dominated by the influence of the renowned Peter Abelard. The young Brescian, like all his compeers, came under the spell of the silver-tongued controversalist and imbibed many of his heretical opinions, but while Abelard afterwards recanted and, repenting of his sins and errors, died an edifying death, Arnold (who was also a monk, though some say that he only assumed a monk's habit in order to deceive the faithful the more completely) was obstinately set on his heretical paths and in the end met with a terrible fate.

Under the tuition of the subtile Abelard, Arnold became the most insidious sophist of his time. "The words," says one of his contemporaries, "distilled like honey from his lips," but his sugared phrases were full of fallacies, apt only to seize the untrained

imaginations of the multitude and lure them down the steep paths of error.

After leaving Paris he returned to his native town, where his saintly appearance and fiery eloquence won him many disciples, and his dangerous teaching led to an insurrection of the Brescians against the Prince Bishop, Manfred. Now it cannot be denied that many abuses had crept into the Church about this time, but Arnold went to ridiculous lengths in denouncing the luxury of the clergy, declaring that no bishops, priests, or monks holding any property at all, could receive salvation.

The Italian cities in the twelfth century were seething with political unrest, and Arnold's heretical doctrines produced in the inflammable minds of the Italian people, always prone to such excitements, so prodigious an effect that Pope Innocent II felt bound to take steps to arrest its further progress, and at the Lateran Council held in 1139 denounced Arnold's doctrines, and sentenced him to be banished from Italy, binding him by a solemn oath not to return without the Holy Father's permission.

Arnold then made his way to France and supported his old teacher Abelard in that scholar's famous dispute with St. Bernard, which ended in the triumph of the latter, after which Abelard submitted to the Pope's decree commanding his incarceration in a monastery, where he died at peace with the Church, but Arnold, whose day had not yet come, contrived to escape to Switzerland and settled down in the flourishing city of Zürich.

Here he began to spread his dangerous propaganda among the Swiss, and so great was his eloquence that he attracted a crowd of followers, and even made a favourable impression upon the Cardinal Legate Guido, who endeavoured, by treating him with kindness, to wean him from his pernicious ways, until St. Bernard, perceiving the danger of this course with such a formidable enemy of law and order as the Brescian agitator, wrote his Eminence a sharp letter of expostulation, pointing out that far from turning Arnold from his evil courses, he was putting into his hands a weapon which he would not fail to turn to the advantage of his schemes against ecclesiastical authority.

This energetic action of St. Bernard seems to have quieted Arnold for some five years, but, though his eloquent tongue was silent, the dangerous leaven of his doctrine continued to work in Italy, especially in Rome. It does not appear that the Romans had any particular sympathy with Arnold's religious heresies, but his political propaganda appealed to them with peculiar force, reviving their ancient love of liberty, and inciting them toward efforts to bring back the glories of those days when their city had dictated to the whole of the civilized world.

Filled with these high-sounding notions, they began to chafe under the beneficent rule of their Spiritual Father, and to clamour for the re-establishment of the old Roman Republic, in which all Civil affairs would be entrusted to the Senate, while the Pope's authority was to be confined to spiritual matters. In the midst of the turmoil Innocent II died; his successor, the gentle Cardinal Guido—the same who had befriended Arnold in the city of Zürich—ascended the Papal throne under the title of Celestin II.

During his short reign of six months

there was comparative quiet, but in the time of his successor, Lucius II, the revolutionary spirit again asserted itself and the Roman Senate refused to recognize his temporal sovereignty, and sent a pompous letter to the German Emperor, Conrad III, inviting him to be crowned in Rome, that from thence he might, like Augustus, rule the whole world.

Matters came to such a pass that the Pope was compelled to take up arms against his rebellious subjects, but while bravely heading his troops was struck on the head by a stone and died three days later. And, at this point, it will not be out of place to quote St. Bernard's opinion of those who had thus impiously raised their hands against the Head of the Church. In some such words as the following he says:

"Who is ignorant of the vanity and arrogance of the Romans? a people nourished by sedition, cruel, intractable and loth to obey, unless too feeble to resist. They aspire to reign even when they promise to serve, and if they swear fealty wait for the opportunity of revolt, venting their discontent in

loud clamours if your council-doors are shut against them. High-sounding in their promises they are slow to execute them; adulation and calumny, perfidy and treason being the familiar arts of their policy." Truly a severe indictment, but their conduct towards the Popes of the twelfth century goes far to justify it!

Blessed Eugenius III mounted the Papal Chair in 1145, but was unable to make any headway against the violent Roman republicans, now encouraged by the presence of Arnold, who, with a mob of Swiss sympathizers, appeared in the Eternal City, after an inflammatory tour through the principal Lombard towns. Beaten by the storm of revolt, Pope Eugenius was compelled to take refuge in France, but in 1153, with the assistance of King Roger of Sicily, returned to Rome, the remaining days of his life embittered by constant struggles with his subjects.

During the short reign of his aged successor, Anastasius IV, the republican party lost ground, but Adrian on his accession found himself confronted with the same

problem which had proved so disastrous to his immediate predecessors.

As soon as the result of the election was made known the Senate, as related at the beginning of this chapter, approached Adrian with the demand that he should give up the temporal sovereignty, and content himself with his tithes and overlordship of ecclesiastical affairs. But the Roman Senate had to deal now with a man who, in the hard school of experience, had learnt how to rule and had no mind to swerve by a hair's breadth from what he conceived to be his duty towards the Church of which he was the Supreme Head.

Sternly refusing therefore to listen to the impudent proposals of the Senate, he drove the deputation out of his presence with swift words of indignation. Arnold of Brescia does not appear to have been in Rome at the time, but hurried there directly he heard of the tumult, and, as might have been expected, no sooner was his disturbing presence known than the relations between the Pope and his Roman subjects grew rapidly worse. Urged by their fanatical leader the inflamed

people resorted to open violence, and after destroying the palaces of the Cardinals and those of the Roman nobility who still remained loyal to the Pope, filled the cup of their iniquities by a dastardly attack in broad daylight upon Cardinal Gerard of St. Pudenziana, while he was on his way to visit the Pope at the Vatican. Adrian, horrified at such violent proceedings, determined to bring the Romans to a sense of their wickedness by inflicting upon them an extraordinary punishment, and accordingly, for the first time, it is said, in her history, the city was laid under an Interdict.

CHAPTER VI

THE INTERDICT

Awful warning! yet in love
Breathed on each believing ear,
How Heaven in wrath would seem to move
The landmarks of a thousand year,
And from the tablets of th' Eternal sky
The covenant oath erase of God most High.
Lyra Apostolica.

IN the Middle Ages nothing, not even the Plague or a terrible famine, was so much dreaded as an Interdict, and, on this occasion, the punishment was all the more severe because Adrian had chosen the solemn season of Holy Week as the time of its promulgation.

The Interdict was pronounced on Palm Sunday. It was ushered in at midnight by the tolling of the church bells as if for a funeral, and then the clergy came out and walked in silent procession by torchlight to the churches to pray once more at the altars

for the guilty people. Probably, since it was Passion-tide, the statues of the Saints were already veiled, but if not they were then covered up, and the sacred relics carried into the crypts of the churches.

After this the Papal Legate, who was deputed to pronounce the Interdict, put on a penitential vestment, probably a black cope, and, mounting the steps of the high altar of St. Peter's, read out the Papal decree.

Then the doors of the city churches were locked, and no religious services of any kind were allowed to be publicly celebrated; but the priests were permitted to preach in the porches of the churches, and exhort the people who were assembled outside to repent of their sins. Baptism could only be administered secretly, and marriages—though as it was Holy Week none but a few of urgent necessity would take place—had to be solemnized before a tomb instead of an altar. No one could be confessed or receive the consolation of Holy Communion except the dying, and the priests were allowed to consecrate the Holy Viaticum only very early in the morning, and take It to the

dying, to whom Extreme Unction and burial in consecrated ground were forbidden.

The Romans at first pretended unconcern, but, when they perceived that these terrible religious penalties were accompanied by commercial disabilities which were likely to affect their material well-being, they soon became convinced that they might as prudently have put their heads into a hornet's nest as attempted to defy so vigorous a sovereign as their Spiritual Father, Adrian.

This season of the year was usually a very busy one in Rome, it being the custom for streams of pilgrims from all parts of Europe to throng there to take part in the Easter festival. Should the Interdict continue the citizens saw the prospect of a considerable falling-off in the lucrative business of providing for the temporal needs of these vast crowds of pious visitors—for who would desire to stay long in a city made gloomy by the Pope's ban?—moreover, if it lasted over Easter, they themselves would not be able to make their Paschal Communion, a very serious deprivation indeed. So, dropping their mask of unconcern, a crowd of them

hurried to the Capitol, where the Senate was sitting, and clamoured for an immediate reconciliation with the Holy Father.

The Pope had left Rome and was then at Viterbo, and thither a deputation of citizens trudged. Adrian had had considerable experience in the management of refractory subjects, witness his dealings with the murmuring monks of St. Rufus, so, when the deputation, with brazen faces but sinking hearts, was ushered into his presence, he saw at a glance that the members were ready to topple over each other in eagerness to end the sorry business. Master of the situation, his terms were not easy of digestion. He demanded that the Republic should be abolished, Arnold of Brescia expelled, and the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See acknowledged by the Senate and citizens. The deputation attempted to obtain some modification of these conditions, but in vain. Adrian was inflexible, and demanded their full acceptance. Conscious that they were not powerful enough to withstand so strong-minded a potentate, the people gave in at length, and Adrian then returned to Rome

in triumph, revoked the Interdict, and was crowned with befitting pomp and ceremony in the Church of St. John Lateran.

Thus did Adrian deal with the nearest of his difficulties, but his troubles had only just begun. The Brescian demagogue had escaped from Rome and was still at large: the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was hovering in Lombardy with a mighty army massed for an uncertain purpose, and in the south William the Bad, King of Sicily, seemed bent upon mischief.

It is not often that a sovereign upon his accession is confronted, as was Adrian, with three separate powers inclined to adopt a hostile attitude, and it is a wonderful testimony of his single-minded devotion to the Church, and the vigour of his personal heroism, that though his shrewd mind must have clearly foreseen these menacing dangers before he took up the burden of the Papacy, he yet boldly accepted its responsibilities, and having put his hand to the plough never once turned back. We shall now see how he progressed in his difficult task.

William II, the young and profligate King

of Sicily, was at war with the Holy See at the time of Adrian's succession, and to explain the causes of this war we must go back to the time of William's father, the good King Roger II. Sicily, during the twelfth century under its Norman rulers, had become a powerful and flourishing kingdom, and this Roger II, then styled Count of Sicily, when Pope Honorius II died in 1130, was the mainstay of the anti-pope Anacletus II, whose vassal Roger acknowledged himself to be. As a reward for his determined opposition to Innocent, who was recognized through the efforts of St. Bernard by the principal sovereigns of Europe as the true Head of the Church, Anacletus invested him with the title of King, but when the false pope died, and Victor, his would-be successor, was induced by St. Bernard to renounce his claims and solicit Innocent's pardon, all causes of strife between the Papacy and Roger should have been easy of removal. But King Roger was perverse, and proceeded to make the breach wider by seizing the lands of Prince Robert of Capua—one of the Pope's vassals. Innocent's remonstrances

being ignored, he was at last goaded into marching against the rebellious Roger, but, unfortunately, was defeated and taken prisoner with his attendant Cardinals.

Yet the victorious Sicilian had no mind to push matters to extremities. His real interests undoubtedly lay in a speedy recognition of the true Pope's suzerainty as the most effectual barrier against the land-grabbing instincts of the Holy Roman Emperors, who had cast many a longing eye on his fair Sicilian territories. The victor being in this conciliatory mood it was no difficult matter to arrange a settlement, and, after some negotiations, Roger consented to do homage to Pope Innocent for Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, while Innocent on his part confirmed Roger in his title of King.

The year before Adrian came to the throne Roger II died, and his youngest son William succeeded him, and on Easter day was crowned at Palermo without asking for the sanction of his Lord Paramount, Pope Anastasius IV. This was of course a breach of the treaty his father Roger had made with Innocent II, and though the extreme age of

Adrian's predecessor prevented him taking any active steps to resent this affront, William II soon discovered that the new Pope was not the man to suffer any such diminution of his temporal sovereignty, and when William sent him letters of congratulation on his accession, Adrian, in his reply, at once asserted his rights by ignoring William's title of King, and addressing him simply as "Lord of Sicily." William was very angry at what he chose to consider a studied insult, refused to have anything more to do with the Papal ambassadors, and forthwith dispatched an army to invade the Papal territory.

While we are on the subject of Sicily we must not forget to mention that Pope Eugenius III, alarmed as were his predecessors at the rising power of the island kingdom under the Norman rule, had entered into a treaty at Constance with the German Emperor, Barbarossa, in 1153, by which Frederick engaged not to make peace with Roger of Sicily, with whom he was also at war, without the consent of his Holiness. In return for this, Eugenius promised to

invest Frederick with the coveted Imperial Crown without delay, and to promote his lawful Imperial rights even to the point of excommunicating any who should deny him obedience.

But, in spite of this treaty, the Emperor had not shown himself by any means anxious to come to the Pope's assistance in his difficulties with the King of Sicily, and though, when Adrian ascended the throne, Frederick had been two months in Italy with a formidable army he seemed more concerned with chastising those Lombard cities which were the Pope's staunchest allies, than in settling his own and Adrian's quarrel with William the Bad. Adrian thought he had good reasons for questioning Frederick's real objective, and was determined to extract further proofs of his loyalty before rewarding him with the Imperial Crown.

We can now form some idea of the political situation in which the new Pope found himself. There was William II invading his territories on the south: there was Barbarossa advancing from the north ostensibly on his coronation progress, and there

was Arnold of Brescia here, there, and everywhere, stirring up his own subjects against him. How Adrian behaved under these trying circumstances must be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

'Tis pride, rank pride and haughtiness of soul,
I think the Romans call it stoicism.

"*Cato*," *Addison.*

THROUGHOUT the reign of Adrian IV his most formidable opponent was Frederick Barbarossa, the mightiest sovereign Europe had seen since Charlemagne. He came to the throne two years before Adrian was elected Pope, being then twenty-nine years of age, having been chosen by his uncle, the Emperor Conrad III, as his successor on account of the tender years of Conrad's own son. Frederick, the second of the great dynasty of the Hohenstaufens, was the son of Frederick the One Eyed, Duke of Swabia. He was a handsome man of fine presence, with short, curly, golden hair, blue eyes, and a clear complexion; his beard had a reddish tinge, hence his Italian nickname of Barbarossa or Redbeard. Like

most princes of his line, he was endowed with a vigorous understanding and a tenacious memory, and, when he chose, a charming affability, which won him many friends; but he was cruel in the extreme to any who stood in the way of his ambitious purposes, and his vindictive treatment of those Lombard cities, which were rash enough to withstand his tyrannical overlordship, made his name bitterly hated in Italy. For a mediaeval king he had fair claims to scholarship, and besides dabbling in Troubadour verse is said to have read the classical writers with delight. As a military leader he was undoubtedly the most capable general of his time, and had already greatly distinguished himself by his personal bravery in the Second Crusade which he, moved by the eloquence of St. Bernard, had joined in company with his uncle Conrad III. This disastrous expedition indeed came near to ending his adventurous career, for through a disagreement between the French and German contingents as to the best route from Asia Minor to Syria, and a consequent separation, Conrad and Frederick found

themselves with diminished forces suddenly faced by an overwhelmingly superior Turkish army, and with difficulty extricated a small remnant—7,000 out of 70,000—from the persistent attacks of the fleet Turkish cavalry. This failure, together with the premature death of his son Henry, contributed to the shortening of the Emperor Conrad's life, and the election of Frederick as King of Germany and prospective Emperor.

As soon as Frederick had been crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, he began to turn his eyes towards Italy, where at this time, and for many years afterwards, two rival factions—the Guelphs and the Ghibellines—were everywhere struggling for the mastery; the Guelphs generally siding with the Popes and the Church; the Ghibellines with the Emperors and the State. It was hoped when Frederick was elected that the long struggle between these two parties would cease, because his mother, Judith, daughter of Henry the Black, Duke of Bavaria, came of Guelph stock, while his father was a Ghibelline, but, as we shall show, this hope

was far from being realized, Frederick throughout his life evincing a strong partiality for the Ghibellines.

With his mind predisposed for interference in Italian affairs, an opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Two citizens of Lodi, which town had over forty years before been razed to the ground by the Milanese, made a personal appeal for assistance from Frederick, who immediately sent a peremptory letter to the Milanese ordering them to allow the Lodians to rebuild their dismantled city. The Milanese were bold enough to tear the letter into pieces and to ill-treat the Imperial messenger, and without more ado Frederick summoned an army and crossed the Alps.

Such was the terror of his name that the inhabitants of Asti fled at his approach, and after sacking the town Barbarossa marched to Tortona, which, heartened by some Milanese reinforcements, offered a stubborn resistance. But, after a two months' siege, the horrors of famine compelled the brave citizens to surrender on condition that their lives were spared. Frederick, as usual when

he met with opposition, dismantled and burnt the city, and then, avoiding Milan, probably because he considered it too strong a place to be taken without heavy cost, marched to Pavia—Milan's great rival and the chief of the Ghibelline cities—where, after being crowned with the famous Iron Crown of Lombardy, as the Emperor himself says in a letter to his uncle, Bishop Otto of Freisingen, "with a mighty attendance on the city's part we spent three days in great joyance," and then began advancing towards Rome.

When he had arrived at San Quirico in Tuscany, there came to him three Cardinal Ambassadors from Adrian, who were commissioned to ascertain in what frame of mind this renowned prince was approaching the territories of the Holy See. Frederick, anxious to receive the Imperial Crown, declared that his only purpose was to maintain the rights and dignity of the Supreme Pontiff, and in return asked for his consecration as Holy Roman Emperor. The Cardinals, on behalf of their master, agreed to this on condition that Frederick should

deliver that pestilent heretic, Arnold of Brescia, who was still busy fomenting strife, into Adrian's hands.

Frederick promised to do this so much the more readily as he was himself incensed against Arnold, who had lately written to him offering him the Imperial Crown in the name of the Roman Senate, thus altogether ignoring the Papal right of investiture. Frederick was at that time, at any rate, whatever he may have become afterwards, much too loyal a son of the Church to agree to this, so that the Pope's proposal appealed to him as one way of showing his resentment against the arrogant pretensions of the Roman demagogue. But Arnold had many friends, and was difficult to catch, and Frederick, to secure his prey, had to resort to stratagem. Many of the chief nobles of the Campagna were among Arnold's supporters; Frederick promptly seized one of the most prominent and refused to release him until Arnold was surrendered. This had the desired effect, and Arnold was sent in chains to Rome to await his trial.

Arnold was imprisoned in the Castle of

St. Angelo, but unfortunately for him Adrian was at Viterbo, and Peter, the Prefect of the city, afraid that the Roman citizens, who almost worshipped the Brescian, would rise and rescue their hero, took the law into his own hands, and executed his prisoner early on the morning of the 18th of June, 1155, just outside the Porta del Populo.

Various accounts are given of the way in which this dangerous and fanatical man, who did so much mischief in his day, was executed; some writers say that he was tied to a cross, surrounded by faggots, and then burnt alive; others that he was strangled and then burnt. We can but hope that he suffered the latter more merciful death, but we fear the weight of evidence goes to show that he was barbarously burnt alive, and one account says that his screams roused the Romans from their beds at dawn, only to find themselves powerless to rescue their idol from the flames. Fearful lest the people should collect his ashes and treasure them as relics, the executioner gathered them and threw them into the Tiber, that not a vestige

of such a restless fomenter of strife might remain.

We must remember that, cruel as the manner of his death seems to us in this twentieth century, it was not so considered in those ruder times, familiar with even more barbarous methods of punishment, but though there can be no doubt that Arnold of Brescia was guilty of grievous crimes, the fact that he was executed without a trial will always reflect upon Peter the Prefect, no matter whether he hanged or burned his prisoner, and it is some consolation to know that neither Adrian nor Frederick had any part in his execution.

But to return to Barbarossa. Before these happenings two Archbishops, who were the Emperor's ambassadors, had met the Pope himself at Civita Castellana—an impregnable fortress between Viterbo and Rome—and had assured him of their master's peaceful intentions. Adrian sent them back with the answer that he was quite prepared to proceed with the coronation ceremony provided that Frederick would swear a solemn oath to remain always the true protector and

upholder of the authority, spiritual and temporal, of the Holy See.

Frederick, fearing that if he did not consent he should lose the prestige of a coronation at Rome, agreed to swear on the Cross and the Gospels that he would neither harm the Pope nor his Cardinals in person or in property, nor suffer others so to do, nay, he would, on the contrary, secure and protect them. It was not customary for the Emperor to swear an oath in person, so that one of the German nobles was chosen to perform this office, and he, in the most solemn manner, before the Cardinals and the whole of the German army drawn up in battle array, took the required oath as the Emperor's delegate.

When Adrian was informed of this, he set forth with a retinue of Cardinals and prelates to meet Barbarossa, who had advanced to Sutri, about fifteen miles west of the fortress of Civita Castellana. Adrian journeyed in leisurely fashion, as befitted his dignity, and paused the first day at Nepi, situated midway between Civita Castellana and Sutri. On the morrow the intrepid Pontiff

The Meeting of Pope Adrian IV. and Barbarossa.

moved to take part in one of the most dramatic scenes recorded in history, which scene it is our purpose now to describe at length.

CHAPTER VIII

A BATTLE ROYAL

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespeare.

THE scene between "the choice and master spirits of this age," which we are about to describe, was one calculated to bring into strong relief the remarkable character of the two principal actors.

Here would be face to face for the first time in their history the two most capable rulers of Europe. To make the meeting more dramatic, one was a man of lowly origin who had reached his exalted position by the supremacy of his talents alone; the other belonged to the proudest of reigning houses, and had become the greatest of German Kaisers. The one had no living equal for inflexibility of will and dogged

tenacity of purpose, and had already proved himself to be an uncompromising defender of the rights and privileges of his high office; the other had never looked to find a master of his keen intellect and imperious spirit, was an habitual overrider of his enemies, and an intolerant foe to all who dared dispute his arrogant claims. Here were all the elements of a battle royal should either demand more than the other would willingly concede!

It was customary in the Middle Ages for the Pope, whenever he paid another sovereign the high compliment of a personal visit, to ride to the meeting-place upon a white palfrey, and the sovereign whom he was thus honouring was expected to assist him in dismounting by holding his stirrup, as an act of respect to him as the successor of the Blessed Apostle. This recognized custom had an important bearing upon the forthcoming interview as we shall see. But let us hasten!

Just outside the Royal Pavilion in the camp at Sutri, Frederick, gorgeously apparelled and surrounded by a glittering

retinue of his principal vassals, waited for his illustrious guest. Hard by was the throne upon which His Holiness was to sit during the interview, and in the background gleamed the numerous body-guard of German soldiers, all, we may be sure, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Holy Father.

Presently the Pope's procession was seen advancing, with banners and the Cross in front, followed by acolytes with lighted tapers, then the Cardinals in their scarlet robes, and lastly, the centre of all attraction, Adrian IV, the English Pope, seated upon his white palfrey.

In those days and until the time of the Dominican Pope, Pius V of saintly memory, it was usual for those Popes who had formerly belonged, before election, to some religious order, to wear the colour of the habit of that order when they ascended the Chair of St. Peter, and as the habit of the Canons of St. Rufus was white, Adrian may have worn that colour on this occasion.

But while we are on the subject of Adrian's dress we may as well note that the Papal crown in those days was a double one, not

the tiara or triple crown which is now worn. Pope Benedict VIII, who reigned from 1012 to 1024, is said to have introduced the double crown; the third was added by Blessed Urban V, who became Pope in 1362, and died at Avignon in 1370.

As Adrian neared the Royal tent, Frederick advanced courteously to meet his Holiness, but affected to be ignorant of the simple office that etiquette demanded. The Pope sat watchfully silent astride his palfrey, and on his part made no attempt to dismount, and still the haughty Frederick, who must have known what was required of him, held back. The situation grew more and more critical as the moments slowly passed, and neither sovereign showed any signs of yielding. The smiling faces of the immediate onlookers gradually lengthened; each looked to each, and soon there was general consternation. Suddenly the half-civilized German soldiery, who probably did not quite understand the situation, began murmurings which swelled to such a volume of sound as to frighten the Cardinals and prelates of the Papal suite, who, more discreet than brave,

hastened back along the road that led to the fortress of Civita Castellana, and never rested till they were within the shelter of its strong walls, leaving Adrian alone amidst a muttering crowd of unsympathetic foreigners.

But the Pope was a man of iron nerve, and taking in the situation at a glance, quickly dismounted, and, advancing with great dignity to the episcopal throne prepared for him, sat himself down. Frederick thereupon drew near and knelt to kiss the Pope's feet, doubtless flattering himself that the battle was won. Never was combatant more quickly undeceived! Turning his stern, unyielding eyes full upon him the undaunted Pope, alone amidst a ring of fierce faces, obviously hostile, repulsed him with these words: "Thou hast not paid me due honour; such honour as in reverence for the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, thy predecessors have ever done to mine. Until thou shalt have made atonement for this fault, I give thee no kiss of peace."

Frederick's conduct was all the more reprehensible, because by a German law it was enacted that this homage should be paid

to the Pope, and Frederick's predecessor, the Emperor Lothair, had not hesitated to perform it to Innocent II, as the picture in the Vatican, of which more presently, eloquently told.

Frederick, though nonplussed for the moment by such bold conduct, quickly regained his wits, and to cover up his astonishment began to bluster, declaring he would never perform the menial act the Pope required of him, denying that such was the Pope's due, but Adrian, in spite of the hostile attitude of the German soldiery, stoutly maintained his position, absolutely refusing his blessing and the Imperial crown unless Barbarossa yielded.

It was indeed a striking scene. Both were, as we know, finely proportioned men, Frederick being of almost gigantic stature, and in all the lusty pride of early manhood; Adrian an older man in the prime of life, with an equally commanding presence and a still more handsome face.

Perceiving that for the moment Frederick was immovable, the Pope remounted his palfrey and rode back to Nepi, leaving his

opponent in somewhat of a quandary. If Frederick did not yield it was extremely doubtful whether he would ever be crowned by Adrian; if he did his pride would have a nasty fall. The next day, however, having had time for reflection, Frederick summoned a council to discuss the vexed question; one writer says that the Cardinals were present at this interview as representatives of the Pope. In the end Frederick was persuaded to yield, and acknowledged himself beaten by following Adrian to Nepi.

Once more Adrian rode out to meet his haughty son, who this time dismounted when he was about a stone's throw from the Pope, and walking forward held the stirrup cheerfully, *cum jucunditate*, says Cardinal Boso, Adrian's nephew and biographer. If Frederick submitted with a good grace, as he certainly seems to have done, Adrian received him no less graciously, for, dismounting in his turn, he folded the young Kaiser in his fatherly arms and gave him the kiss of peace, while the air was filled with the cheers of their retinues.

As soon as the reconciliation had taken

place Adrian and Barbarossa set out together for Rome, in order that the coronation of the Emperor might now be performed there.

Fresh trouble was, however, in store for the Pope, who truly said "that the Papal mantle was so heavy that it would drag the strongest man to earth, and that it was only because the Papal crown burnt like fire that it was worth having." This time the trouble came from the Roman Senate, who, ignoring the overlordship of Adrian, sent an embassy to Frederick, offering him the crown on behalf of the Senate and people of Rome. In a very wordy speech the bombastic spokesman of these delegates, after extolling the greatness and glory of the ancient city of Rome, ventured to address the most arrogant prince in Europe in some such strain as the following: "Thou wast a stranger, I would make thee a prince. Therefore must thou guarantee from violation our ancient laws, confirmed to us by thy predecessors; and to our officers who will proclaim thee Emperor at the Capitol thou must pay a largess of five thousand pounds (of silver), and thou must preserve the Republic from injury even at

the cost of thine own life. All this must thou confirm by a proper charter ratified by oath."

Frederick's answer to this presumptuous speech was an eloquent tirade tingling with sarcasm, in which he pointed out to these degenerate descendants of the Roman plebs that their city was by no means now what it had once been—the mistress of the world; that world-sovereignty had passed to the German Kaisers. He had come to them not as their citizen or their prince but as their master, and they had consequently no right to ask tribute from him as if he were their prisoner, nor demand an oath from him who was their lawful sovereign.

The deputation, staggered by the vehemence of this answer—Frederick's harangue lasted over an hour—were for the moment dumbfounded, and when they recovered speech could only say that they would carry what they had heard to the Senate, who would doubtless deliberate upon it, and send back some reply. Frederick's only comment was a curt request for a speedy answer, and with puzzled heads the deputation sheepishly withdrew.

After their departure Frederick had a conference with Adrian, who recommended that a picked body of troops should be sent to take possession of the Leonine City and St. Peter's, so as to forestall any attempt on the part of the Roman citizens to hinder the Coronation. The Leonine City was that part of Rome around St. Peter's which had been fortified by Pope Leo IV in 848, soon after the Saracens had broken into the Church of St. Peter. It was on the western bank of the Tiber, and connected with Rome itself by an old bridge, defended by the Castle of St. Angelo, a fortress strong enough to prevent the passage of troops across the river.

Cardinal Boso was chosen by his uncle the Pope to defend this Castle, Adrian probably feeling that it would be safer in his hands than in those of some German commander.

The Leonine City and St. Peter's were guarded by Papal troops, reinforced by a thousand of Frederick's soldiers under Cardinal Octavian, afterwards the antipope Victor, who barricaded the bridge

across the Tiber, and mounted guard on the porch, and upon the steps of St. Peter's, so that if the Senate and the citizens made any attempt to prevent to-morrow's ceremony they would find a more than sufficient force prepared to oppose them.

CHAPTER IX

FREDERICK'S CORONATION

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

King Henry VI.

IT was on the morning of June 18th, 1155, that the gorgeous ceremony of Frederick's coronation took place, and a very imposing sight it must have been. The German camp, if Otto, Bishop of Freisingen, is to be believed, was just outside the Leonine City, and the whole army in panoply of war accompanied the magnificently arrayed Emperor through the Golden Gate of the city until they came to the steps of St. Peter's, where stood the English Pope, Adrian IV, in his pontifical vestments, and surrounded by a brilliant retinue of cardinals and prelates.

Cardinal Boso, in his account of the coronation, says, however, that only a small

part of Frederick's army entered the city with him, and as Boso was in charge of the Castle of St. Angelo, which overlooked the procession, he should have been in a position to know the true facts.

When the Emperor and his suite had reached the high altar the Pope himself sang the High Mass, which was celebrated with all the grand and beautiful ritual of the Catholic Church, after which Frederick advanced and knelt before Adrian, and putting his hands into the Pope's hands swore the following oath:

"In the name of Christ, I, Frederick, Emperor, do promise now and swear, in the presence of God and Blessed Peter, that I will be the Protector and Defender of the Holy Roman Church in all its needs, as far as with the Divine Help I am able."

Then came another splendid procession to the Altar of Confession, as it is called, of St. Peter, headed by the Pope, followed by the Emperor and all the other dignitaries in due order. Three bishops in turn then advanced to the Silver Gates of the Confession and each offered a prayer; then the oldest

of all Litanies, the Litany of the Saints, was sung, and the third bishop anointed the right arm and shoulder of the Emperor with Holy Chrism. The insignia of his high office, the sword and the sceptre, were then duly presented to him, and finally the Pope himself placed the Imperial Crown upon his head.

The solemn ceremony ended, the uncouth German soldiers, mad with joy, set up such a shout of triumph that, Boso says, it was as if a horrible thunderbolt had fallen from Heaven.

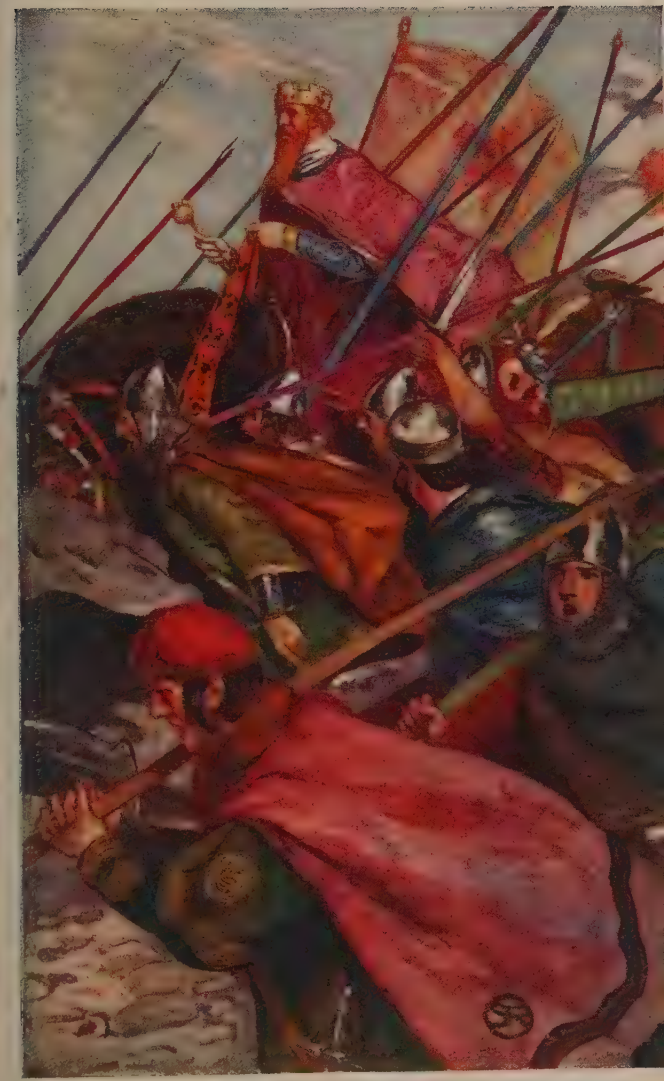
The newly crowned Emperor then mounted his charger, and surrounded by a crowd of his own followers, rode through the Golden Gate, amidst a ring of cheers, back to his camp, where he was to hold a banquet in honour of his Coronation, the Pope meanwhile returning to his palace in the Vatican.

Before we go on to tell what happened next we will take a peep at this banquet, which to our modern eyes would seem a very curious affair indeed. The use of forks being then quite unknown in Europe, everything—joints, birds, and even fish—before being brought to the table, was cut up

into little pieces called "gobbets," which were eaten with a spoon or the fingers. Forks, indeed, did not come into general use for some centuries, in England not until the beginning of the seventeenth century, though on the Continent they were known much earlier.

The first recorded instance of the use of forks in Europe occurred at Venice, when a certain Byzantine lady came there as a bride bringing her golden prong with her. This wonderful instrument gave great offence to St. Peter Damien, afterwards Bishop of Ostia, and he severely reproved this lady from the pulpit for what he called her sinful luxury and extravagance in actually taking a golden prong to pick up her food, instead of using the fingers God Almighty had given her for that very purpose. But let us to the feast itself.

Soups, rich stews, hashes, and ragouts, all very highly seasoned, besides patties of various kinds, were sure to be among the viands at this Coronation banquet. Other favourite mediaeval dishes were cranes, herons, seals, porpoises, and peacocks—



Frederic Barbarossa's Triumphal March after his Coronation.

the last considered a royal dish—and also sturgeon and venison, while roast swan often formed the *pièce de résistance*. Rhenish and white and red wines from France and Greece were the chief beverages. This rich feast usually finished up with what was called in England a "subtlety"—a huge piece of confectionery made of sugar, jelly, and pastry, and representing some well-known historical or allegorical scene.

But while the Emperor was feasting in his tent a very different kind of scene was in preparation. The Roman people, wrathful at the execution of their idol Arnold, and still more inflamed by the Emperor's refusal to accept at their hands—what was not theirs to give—the Imperial crown, had, directly they heard that the coronation ceremony had been performed without their presence or concurrence—for, as we have pointed out, the Leonine City was quite separate from the rest of Rome—rushed tumultuously to the Capitol and called upon the Senate to take up arms to revenge this supposed insult. In too much of a hurry to wait for any organization, the furious citizens forthwith

rushed over the Tiber Bridge, which for some unexplained reason had been left unguarded after the Coronation, and, forcing their way into St. Peter's, actually slew a few unarmed German stragglers in the sacred precincts of the church itself. Though their fickleness and the bad feeling engendered by Frederick's contempt for their ridiculous pretensions were well known, no proper precautions seem to have been taken to guard against such a sudden attack, and consequently, for the moment, the Roman rabble had it all their own way, and after an attempt on the Vatican, repulsed by the Papal guards, they poured in disorderly masses through the Golden Gate, and made towards the Imperial camp.

The Germans, enervated by the hot Italian sun, and possibly also that they might do greater justice to the rich fare, had laid aside their armour and were merry enough over their wine, when suddenly, above the revelry, rose the hoarse shouts of a huge crowd, primed for vengeance. Snatching at their weapons the Germans, many of them half-armed, hurried to meet the unexpected foe.

The combat was a desperate one, and many times the issue seemed doubtful, but in the end victory fell to the better-armed and more disciplined Germans, who are said by Otto of Freisingen to have slain over a thousand of the Romans and taken prisoners some hundreds. The same authority states that the Germans lost, exclusive of the unarmed stragglers slaughtered in St. Peter's, only two men and one taken prisoner, which, as the chronicler himself suggests, is almost too marvellous for belief. When Frederick learned the result of the battle he said, grimly, that he had at any rate fulfilled one of the demands of the Senate and bought the crown—but in German fashion, with iron, not gold.

The next day Frederick gave his prisoners over to the tender mercies of our old friend Peter the Prefect, who, with his usual promptitude, executed some on the spot without the formality of a trial, and would have put all the rest to death had not the Pope intervened and ordered them to be set free, his fatherly heart revolting against such wholesale butchery.

Although the Germans were the victors they were forced to leave Rome, for the people, as we should say, boycotted them and refused to supply them with food; moreover the term of their feudal service to the Emperor having expired, the soldiery clamoured to be led back to their own country, so Frederick, though loth to leave the turbulent city unconquered, decided to march to Tivoli, in which journey Adrian, for prudence' sake, accompanied him.

On the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul both monarchs, attired in their state robes, attended Mass at Tivoli, and the Pope absolved the Emperor and all his soldiers who had shed blood at the recent fighting at Rome, on the ground that as they had fought against the enemies of the State they were not murderers but avengers. At Tivoli the citizens presented Frederick with the keys of the city and offered him the sovereignty, which Frederick, although he knew that the town came within the suzerainty of the Pope, was inclined to accept, but Adrian protested so vehemently against such usurpation that Frederick decided to refuse it, and

recommended the Tivolians to obey their lawful Lord and Father.

After remaining some time at Tivoli, apparently undecided whether to fulfil his promise to help Adrian to deal with William of Sicily, or to lead his worn-out and discontented vassals back to Germany, Frederick at last, urged by fever breaking out among his troops, took cordial leave of Adrian and marched north to Spoleto, where for the present we will leave him.

We must now go back to tell how, soon after Adrian's accession, Henry II, King of England, sent him a letter of congratulation by an embassy consisting of three Norman Bishops and Abbot Robert of St. Albans. Evidently presuming on the fact that Adrian had once been a humble subject of his grandfather, Henry's letter was a curious one, and not without impertinence as coming from a King to the successor of St. Peter. In it Henry took upon himself to read the Pope a lecture on his new duties, advising him to choose for his Cardinals men who would be willing to share his burdens; he also charged the Pope to see that no un-

worthy person should receive a living or other dignity, then proposed that Adrian should proclaim a crusade, all of which excellent but uncalled-for advice was preamble to the real object of the letter, which was to ask Adrian for the gift of Ireland, and permission to invade and conquer it without being adjudged guilty of a breach of Christian peace. Henry concluded by recommending himself and his family to the Pope's prayers.

The English ambassadors were nearly shipwrecked on their way to Beneventum, and attributed their narrow escape to the intercession of St. Margaret, whom Abbot Robert invoked and to whom he promised, if they were saved, that he would ask the Pope to put her name in the Litany of the Saints. The ambassadors had brought with them many handsome presents for Adrian, amongst others some embroidered sandals worked by Christina, Prioress of Markgate, two shields and three beautiful mitres, and of all the presents these were the only ones that Adrian accepted.

During the interview with the English

Ambassadors Adrian playfully reminded Abbot Robert of the refusal many years ago to receive him as a monk, and gave that as the reason he could not accept the Abbot's presents, but this only in jest. In his reply the Abbot devoutly said, that God Himself must have moved them to dissuade Adrian from entering the Abbey of St. Albans because He had higher work for him to do.

Adrian soon showed that he had no ill-feeling toward the Abbot by granting him some special privileges, saying that the Bishop of Albano—Adrian's former title—could not refuse St. Albans anything; but in the matter of Henry's letter, the Pope, after three or four days' consideration, decided that he could not bestow Ireland upon the English King.

Abbot Robert remained with Adrian for some little while after the other ambassadors had left, and during that time met John of Salisbury and told him of the Pope's unwillingness to allow Henry to invade Ireland, with what result we shall see in the next chapter, when we deal with this much discussed subject of the Donation of Ireland.

CHAPTER X

AN HISTORICAL PUZZLE

Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
Pope, "Moral Essays."

FEW historical questions have roused more heated discussion or proved more intractable of solution than that which has arisen regarding what is known as the Donation or grant of Ireland by Pope Adrian IV to King Henry II of England. It would be out of place in a work such as this to enter very deeply into so intricate a question, but considering that much of the interest of Adrian IV's reign, at least for scholars, centres round it, we cannot entirely pass it over. A life of Adrian IV which omitted all reference to this question would be very much like the play of Hamlet without the King of Denmark. The document which is said to establish the grant of Ireland to Henry II is the celebrated Bull known

by the Latin word with which it begins as *Laudabiliter*, *i.e.*, praiseworthily. Two questions arise, firstly, was the Donation of Ireland ever made to Henry II by Adrian IV; secondly, is the Bull *Laudabiliter* the document establishing the fact? Patriotic Irishmen, jealous for the reputation of their country and loyal to the Holy Catholic Faith, have, for the most part, strenuously refused to believe that the responsibility for Ireland's subjection to England, and all its attendant misfortunes, could ever be attributed to a Pope, and have vehemently argued against the authenticity of the Bull, and therefore denied the fact of the grant. But it does not appear that the two things necessarily stand or fall together. That Pope Adrian IV did give his consent to the invasion of Ireland by Henry II is firmly established by the well-known passage in *Metalogicus*, a work written by Adrian's great friend, John of Salisbury. Describing his intimacy with the Pope, John of Salisbury goes on to say "It was at my prayer that he gave and conceded Ireland to the illustrious King of England, Henry II, to be

held by hereditary right. . . . For by ancient right by virtue of the Donation of Constantine all islands are said to belong to the Roman Church. Through me too, the Pope sent a gold ring set with a splendid emerald whereby the investiture should be completed."

It is true that the genuineness of this passage, with its immediate context, has been called in question, but the style in which it is written seems clearly to establish its authenticity, for John of Salisbury was fond of quoting from the Bible and from the Classics in which, unlike most men of the twelfth century, he was widely read, and in the brief passage from which our quotation is taken there are several citations from Holy Writ and some from Classical writers. Moreover, it is incredible that a mere forger could have possessed the intimate knowledge of Pope Adrian IV displayed by this passage. Assuming then the fact of the grant we may next inquire upon what terms the grant was made. For though Adrian IV was an Englishman, nothing we know of him can lend countenance to the suggestion that he

ever sought, from motives of patriotism, to enlarge the authority and prestige of King Henry at the expense of the Holy See. He was Pope first and Englishman afterwards. The welfare of the Catholic Church was his paramount concern. He was completely mastered by that Universal Spirit alone realized in its entirety by the Papacy. To have made such an important concession to Henry as the Grant of Ireland without securing adequate advantage to St. Peter, and without due safeguards for the liberties of the faithful Catholics of Ireland, would have been to have dishonoured the Papal Office, and to have betrayed the greatest of all trusts. It would have been to have acted in a manner diametrically opposed to the whole traditions of Christ's Vicars, and this we may be quite sure the sagacious, far-seeing and devoted Adrian never did.

Henry II of England was a man of insatiable ambition, restless energy, and violent passions. He was for ever seeking to enlarge his dominions and increase his prestige. Born at Le Mans in Maine, the recognized successor of his grandfather, Henry I, he

was but two years old when that monarch died in 1135, and Stephen of Blois seized the throne. During his minority his affairs were managed by his mother, Matilda, and her half-brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester. In 1151 Henry received Normandy at the hands of the French King, and by the death of his father and his marriage with Elinor of Aquitaine he became Master of Anjou, Maine, Touraine, Aquitaine, and Poitou. He thus ruled the greater part of France. In 1153 Henry invaded England, and after months of hard fighting wrested an agreement from King Stephen under which he should succeed to the throne on the death of that monarch. Stephen died in 1154 and Henry was crowned King in December of the same year. He at once set himself to reduce the power of the nobles and firmly to establish his authority over the whole land. All would have been well had he recognized the limits of his kingship, but very early he came into conflict with the Spiritual Power of the Church, for he sought to exercise control over the clergy who were immune from the jurisdiction of the Secular Courts. In the

hope that his trusted Chancellor Thomas Becket would aid him in the struggle, he appointed him Archbishop of Canterbury. But the most magnificent of Chancellors became the most devoted and loyal servant of the Church, and stoutly withstood Henry's encroachments upon its prerogatives.

The Church had completely transformed the erstwhile Chancellor. His unswerving loyalty to her interests has given him a new name, and we love to think of him as the Holy Blissful Martyr St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The long struggle culminated in the murder of the Archbishop in the year 1170, for which abominable act Henry did long and severe penance.

Henry's ambition was not appeased by his already vast possessions. He began to cast covetous eyes towards Ireland as later he did upon Scotland. We know on the testimony of Robertus de Torigneio that, in 1155, Henry held a Council at Winchester when plans for the invasion of Ireland were discussed, and we know, too, from the Chronicle of Roger de Wendover that an embassy

was dispatched to Pope Adrian, praying permission to undertake the proposed expedition. We know further that Adrian refused to sanction it because, as seems to be fairly clear, Henry wished to conquer and rule Ireland in the same way that he ruled England.

Ireland, then as now, was a Christian country, and whatever may have been the Papal interpretation at this time of the Donation of Constantine, by which the Popes were guided in questions affecting the disposal of Island territories, it is perfectly clear that Adrian could not have consented to the invasion of one Christian country by another, unless for very grave reasons, without scandal to the Christian Faith. Pope Adrian did ultimately sanction the expedition, "at my prayers," as John of Salisbury declares, but it was upon conditions that Henry ruled Ireland as a Papal fief and did homage to the Pope—a very different arrangement from the undisputed possession which Henry desired. If it be asked why John of Salisbury should have preferred such a request to Adrian IV, the answer is to be found in the

failure of the King's embassy, and John's desire to advance what he considered to be Ireland's true interests. England was then a Catholic country, the dowry of Mary, nor without the gift of prophecy could John have foreseen the sad changes time would bring. England, then as now, was the stronger power, and he may have thought that Ireland needed the protection of its more virile neighbour, for although Ireland was a Christian country, it was incessantly torn by internal strife, a circumstance not without its natural effect upon the Church.

But King Henry did not accept Adrian IV's permission. The terms were distasteful to him. His investiture was never carried out, and Pope Adrian's permission became a dead letter. Later, in 1171, twelve years after Adrian's death, when Henry did invade Ireland it was entirely upon his own initiative, and the position he assumed there was strictly by force of arms. And why were Adrian's terms distasteful to Henry? Partly, perhaps, because his long experience of quarrels and disturbances continually arising in connection with his French possessions, also held

as fiefs, had sickened him against this mode of tenure, but more, that his acceptance of Adrian's terms would have involved not only the acknowledgement of the Pope's overlordship of Ireland but also of England, likewise an island. Further, there is evidence to show that, in exchange for the fief of Ireland, Henry was to have radically altered his whole attitude to the Holy See against which in his pride he rebelled. He had begun that antagonistic policy to the Spiritual power which culminated in the Constitutions of Clarendon, and the murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury; and the wise and prudent Adrian, knowing well the wilful and passionate nature of the English monarch, sought to win him to nobler courses, not by coercion but by meeting him along the plane of his own inclinations, so far, that is, as the interests of St. Peter could permit.

To have curbed the unholy ambition of Henry, and safeguarded to the Church in England the undisturbed possession of unfettered freedom; to have brought to Ireland the blessings of political peace, and given full wing to the Church's progress in that

war-worn land would have been to have achieved results of which any Pope might have been proud. This is what Adrian IV endeavoured to do, and if he failed, on whom, if not on Henry, rests the burden of the failure?

It is significant that Henry, having invaded Ireland, and partially reduced it to submission, sought to obtain confirmation of his title to that country from three successive Popes, but in each case without success.

Is the Bull *Laudabiliter* the document by which the fief of Ireland was granted to King Henry? Many learned men have declared it to be a forgery. Amongst these are Cardinal Moran, Abbot Gasquet, Father Morris, Mr. Thatcher and several German authorities. On the other hand, Fr. Malone, Lingard, the Anglican Bishop Creighton, Raby and others consider the Bull to be genuine. The weight of authority seems to be against its authenticity. It is written in a style foreign to similar Papal documents, important particulars always inserted in such documents are omitted, a fact difficult to explain if it

were genuine; technical terms inseparable from the granting of a fief are conspicuously absent, some of its statements are discordant, others inadequate to the jurisdiction of the Papacy, and altogether it is more than improbable that the highly-trained Papal secretaries, fast bound by immemorial precedent, had any hand in its compilation.

CHAPTER XI

ADRIAN AS SOLDIER

Now for our consciences, the arms are fair
When the intent of bearing them is just.

King Henry IV.

WE left Frederick marching north toward Spoleto, which town he burnt to the ground for daring to present him with base coin as part of the customary tribute to a newly-crowned Emperor, and then proceeded to Ancona, where envoys from the Byzantine Emperor, Manuel, met him to concert measures for the subjugation of William the Bad, who was a thorn in the side not only of the Pope but of all his neighbours. Here it must be observed that the Greeks still held sovereignty over part of the east and south of Italy, including this very town of Ancona, so that they were considerably interested when William, just before Frederick's coronation, entered Papal territory, burnt several

towns and villages, and ravaged some monasteries. Adrian expected Frederick's help against the Sicilian King, and we must do Frederick the justice to say that he was himself not unwilling to fulfil his obligations, the more so that they would fit in with his own schemes, but he was powerless in the matter.

The army that he now led was a very different fighting force from the one that had tramped victoriously across the plains of Lombardy. Accustomed to the bracing air of the colder north, his German soldiers had become more and more enervated under the burning Italian sun, and numbers had died of pestilence. His chief nobles, too, now that the term of their feudal service had ended with his coronation at Rome, began to pine for their own land and were loth to engage in any new expedition.

So loose was the tie which bound them to him as their feudal sovereign, that Frederick could do but little to restrain them, and gradually his fine army melted away, and some by land and some by sea hastened from a country which had always proved fatal to their race.

Frederick, left with the more immediate vassals of his house, judged it prudent to return himself to Germany, leaving Adrian to fight out his own battle with the unruly Sicilian.

After the Emperor's departure Adrian saw that it would be inadvisable for him to venture back to his capital city with the scanty forces at his command, so was obliged to content himself with remaining in the adjoining country. He resided sometimes at Viterbo, and sometimes at Tivoli, until the following October, when, having completed his preparations and being joined by Prince Robert of Capua, and some powerful Apulian nobles who had repudiated William's authority, Adrian marched out to give battle to his vassal, whom he had already excommunicated.

But before we follow the fortunes of Adrian as a soldier, it may be interesting to say a little about the arms and armies of those days. In the twelfth century there was no such thing as a permanent military establishment. The combatants in a mediaeval battle were the mounted knights and men-at-arms,

who were each accompanied by a crowd of footmen often indifferently armed and accoutred. These men-at-arms rendered military service as part of their obligations to their feudal superior.

Plate armour had not yet come into fashion, and these horse soldiers wore a defensive short-sleeved tunic reaching to the knees, either heavily quilted to deaden the force of a blow, or more generally covered with small iron rings or plates sewn on to the exterior, and strong enough to resist a sword or spear thrust. This hauberk had a belt about the waist to pull it close to the figure, and a hood of the same material which could be drawn over the head. Over this hood, as a further protection, they wore in battle a conical iron helmet with an iron bar protruding over the nose. Their offensive weapons were the sword and spear, and less commonly, the battle-axe and mace.

The men-at-arms sometimes fought on foot, but the foot soldiers proper were very variously provided with both offensive and defensive weapons. Some had helmets, some thick felt caps, and some no head covering

at all. Bows, slings, flails, spears, and axes were among their hand weapons, each man wielding the one he fancied, or could the most easily and cheaply obtain. For fighting purposes this large part of a twelfth-century army was usually of no great use, being easily ridden down and dispersed by the better armed and better protected mounted men.

But superior as the knights were to the ill-clad and half-savage footmen, they, too, had very vague notions as to their soldierly duties, as indeed had most of the leaders, who were chosen rather for the extent of their territorial possessions than for their military capacity. General discipline was very lax, each troop acting mainly on the initiative of its own leader, whose chief idea was to charge straight at an enemy, and beat him down by mere brute force. It was a very rare occurrence for any one to set an ambush, nor was the value of scouting understood. Hostile armies consequently often wandered within a few miles of each other without being aware of such an important circumstance.

We are not told whether Adrian wore armour, or whether he rode at the head of his troops in the costume of the day, which consisted of two tunics, one longer than the other, and over these a dalmatic, a garment of the same shape as the vestment of that name worn by deacons at high Mass, but with sleeves, which in the twelfth century were tight at the wrist and full at the shoulder. Over all this a long cloak, generally made of some thin material, in Adrian's case probably of silk, was worn.

Silk, just beginning to come into fashion in Italy, was introduced by the late King Roger of Sicily, who captured some Greek silk weavers, brought them prisoners to Sicily, and made them settle and pursue their vocation there. Up to that time Italian ladies used to wear linen gowns with cloth jackets over them. But to return to Adrian.

Finding himself deserted by Frederick, and conscious that his own forces and those of the disaffected towns of Apulia were not sufficient to overcome the powerful Sicilian, Adrian had invited the co-operation of the Emperor Manuel. Manuel, who looked for

a possible increase of his south Italian territories, eagerly accepted the offer and dispatched a large subsidy, and a powerful fleet which quickly reduced Brindisi and other maritime towns. Meanwhile Adrian himself, with his Greek and Apulian troops, had taken Capua and made his head-quarters at Beneventum, about sixty miles north-east of Naples, which latter city, with Sorrento and Amalfi, also fell into his hands.

William was in Sicily during these events, occupying himself in the pleasures of a court almost eastern in its luxury and licentiousness, but, when the news of Adrian's successes reached him, he began to bestir himself, and crossed over to Salerno. By the way, we ought to say that the greater part of the south of Italy below the Papal States belonged to the King of Sicily, and William's real title was King of the Two Sicilies, that is, the island, and this part of the mainland.

William was indeed in a critical position. With his own subjects disaffected towards their excommunicated lord, he saw in this new alliance of Adrian and Manuel the

death blow to his power, and, thoroughly frightened, grew anxious to be reconciled to the Pope, and received back into the Church. For this purpose an embassy, consisting of the Bishop Elect of Catania and some Sicilian nobles, was soon on its way with an offer of conditions very favourable to the Papal See.

The terms William proposed were that he should pay an indemnity equivalent to that offered by the Byzantine Emperor, at the same time surrendering to His Holiness Naples, Sorrento, and Apulia, as some compensation for his ravages in Papal territory. He offered, besides, to acknowledge the Pope as his liege lord, and to do homage for his crown, provided that the Pope would absolve him and restore him to communion with the Church.

Adrian desired to conclude a peace on these terms, but was dissuaded from so doing by the arguments of the German Cardinals, who feared Barbarossa's jealousy of any alliance between his sworn foe and Adrian.

After the failure of these negotiations William led a powerful army against Brindisi,

a large town on the heel of the boot of Italy, which, saving the castle, was occupied by the Greeks. Confident of victory, the latter left the security of the town walls and came into the open to fight, but were severely defeated, and Brindisi fell into William's hands. Elated with this important capture, William promptly hanged some of the principal prisoners, and blinded others. The spoil of the city included, says old Baronius, the chronicler, 5,000 pounds weight of gold intended by the Byzantine Emperor for the Pope. There is no use in mincing matters, William, it is clear, had gained a signal victory, which he followed up by advancing to Bari, north of Brindisi, taking and burning it under peculiarly cruel circumstances.

The unfortunate citizens made no attempt at resistance, but came to meet him clad in sackcloth, and begging for mercy. William turned a deaf ear to their petition. Since they had not spared his house (they had destroyed the citadel on the outbreak of the war) he should not spare theirs. All that he would do was to allow them two days to get out of the town with what goods they could,

and then the city was fired, and burnt to the ground, and soon all that remained of it was a heap of ruins.

This ruthless treatment so terrified the other towns of Apulia in revolt against him that they forsook their alliance with the Pope, and made haste to renew allegiance to William. Heartened by these continued successes, the Sicilian then made a movement towards Beneventum, where Adrian and his Apulian supporters were now quartered.

Adrian did not attempt to defend the city, but, relying upon the potency of his spiritual weapons, sent three Cardinals to warn William against the sacrilege of attacking the person of the Holy Father.

William received the ambassadors with civility, and after a brief discussion, terms of peace were arranged; the Cardinals returned to make their report to the Pope, and it was further agreed that His Holiness and the King were to meet the next day to ratify the Treaty.

The place selected for the meeting was the small Church of St. Marcian, near the river

Calore, and close to Beneventum, and here the celebrated Treaty of Beneventum was signed in June, 1156, after the war had lasted over a year. As it was an important Treaty we shall have to say a few words about it, and these we must reserve for another chapter.

CHAPTER XII

THE TREATY OF BENEVENTUM

In order that religion with all its blessings should exercise its influence over social life, it is necessary that the Church should march side by side with the Civil Power under conditions of true independence. Instead of absorbing or contradicting her, the State should limit itself to protecting her in a just and efficacious manner.

Gabriel Garcia Moreno.

BENEVENTUM, now Benevento, is an ancient city built upon a hill and surrounded by mediaeval walls. A triumphal archway, still tolerably perfect, stands on the north side of the city; it is now called Porta Aurea, that is, the Golden Gate, and was erected A.D. 114 in honour of the Emperor Trajan. It is considered to be one of the finest remains of Roman architecture outside Rome.

Almost certainly the present Cathedral was in course of construction during Adrian's time, as it dates from the twelfth century,

but there is a much older church dedicated to Sancta Sophia, or Holy Wisdom, which was built in the eighth century, and was probably visited by the English Pope.

The earliest we know of the city is that it was originally in possession of the Samnites, and fell to the Romans about 268 B.C., when its name Malaventum was changed to the more auspicious one of Beneventum. Totila, King of the Goths, is said to have ravaged the place about A.D. 545, and when the Lombards invaded Italy some of the more adventurous spread south and made Beneventum the seat of one of their most powerful duchies, which eventually became a fief of the Empire and was given by the Emperor, Henry III, to the Popes, to whom it had belonged ever since.

A great crowd of notables assembled in the Church of St. Marcian, near Beneventum, to witness the signing of the treaty, which was divided into two parts, one containing the promises of the King to the Pope, beginning with a rather bombastic account of William's victories, and proceeding to inform all and sundry that the

Sicilian King had always been accustomed to humble himself in times of success, and was very anxious to bring his quarrel with the Church to a close. Then the terms of the treaty are set forth: firstly, all ecclesiastical appeals in Calabria and Apulia, but not those in the island of Sicily, were to be carried to Rome; secondly, the Pope was to have the right of approving the translation of all bishops, and the right of consecration and visitation throughout Sicily, and to hold councils in any city throughout the kingdom, save where the King or his heirs were residing, and there only with the consent of the King or his heirs; thirdly, legates from the Holy See were to be allowed in Calabria and Apulia, but not in Sicily.

In return for this the Pope revoked his sentence of excommunication against William, and granted to him and his heirs the kingdom of Sicily, the duchy of Apulia, and the principality of Capua, also Naples, Salerno, and Amalfi, with the territories pertaining to them, and the Pope engaged to assist him to hold these places against all enemies. The treaty then went on to say

Pope Adrian IV. leading his troops against William the Bad.

that William would do homage to the Pope for all these places, and also agree to pay certain sums of money every year as tribute to His Holiness.

The Pope's part of the treaty begins in very different strain. Instead of sounding his own praises, Adrian dwells upon the duty of the Catholic Church to act as peace-maker, declaring that, inspired by the example of Our Lord, who said, "Peace I leave with you," he had sent three Cardinals with proposals of peace, and then concluded by invoking the curse of the Holy Apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, on all who should break this treaty.

It must be confessed that the terms of the Treaty of Beneventum were very favourable to William, for Adrian granted him certain ecclesiastical rights in Sicily which had formerly belonged to the Church and not the State. But, as an explanation of these concessions, we must remember that the Popes, in their endeavours to maintain their temporal authority against the encroachments of the civil power, were often handicapped by lack of physical means of protec-

tion. So was it with Adrian. Had William not been at his gates with a victorious army, we may be certain that he would never have conceded as much as he did.

Still, the main point of contention was settled when William consented to do homage for his dominions and pay tribute to His Holiness. William indeed behaved better than might have been expected, for, though much the stronger, he not only did not attempt to exact all that he could have done, but, on the day following the signing of the treaty, even made the Pope and the Cardinals in his suite handsome presents of gold and silver plate, and rich garments, probably of silk.

The reconciliation between the Pope and William was a real and lasting one. Adrian's diplomatic mind saw clearly that it was necessary for him to be on good terms with so near and powerful a neighbour, and accordingly he went some way toward conciliating him, and they separated, politically, the best of friends. Shortly afterwards Adrian issued a Bull confirming the Peace of Beneventum.

There was one person, however, who was not at all pleased when he heard of this reconciliation, and that was Frederick Barbarossa, who himself professed to have rights of feudal suzerainty over Sicily, dating from the time when the Emperor Lothair II compelled the then King to do homage to him as his Lord Paramount. This was, of course, a violation of the Papal claims to overlordship which the Pope of that day, Innocent II, was not strong enough to resist, though he did protest against it. Adrian, therefore, was quite justified in ignoring this Imperial usurpation in the Treaty of Beneventum, besides which Frederick had put himself entirely out of court by leaving the Pope in the lurch, and thus compelling him to end the dispute in the way he deemed most expedient.

But, in the sequel, Frederick chose to make this an excuse for a fresh quarrel, for which, however, he was not yet prepared, having his hands full in Germany, trying to quell the disturbances which had broken out during his absence in Italy. Truth to tell, Frederick had no cause to congratulate him-

self upon the result of that first Italian expedition of his, for, saving his coronation at Rome, the principal objects of invasion still remained unfulfilled. He had failed to reduce the Milanese, who were still the champions of liberty in the north of Italy; he had failed to subdue the rebellious citizens of Rome, who were yet in too revolutionary a mood for the Pope to return to his capital, and he had failed to fulfil his promise to aid in the subjugation of William the Bad. In spite of this unsatisfactory record Frederick, like all the Hohenstaufens, longed to meddle in Italian affairs, and only waited an opportunity to make a second pounce on the fertile plains of Lombardy, with Rome as a possible further objective. Adrian therefore had good cause to dread this restless figure of the red-bearded Emperor, which always hovered in doubtful mood on the horizon, threatening at any moment to swoop down with its attendant thousands of mail-clad warriors, shouting their Ghibelline war-cries.

CHAPTER XIII

ADRIAN AS A FRIEND

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
"*Youth and Age*," *S. T. Coleridge.*

IT was while Adrian was at Beneventum, from November 1155 to July 1156, that he was visited by his friend John of Salisbury, famous as the most trustworthy and vivacious chronicler of these times, and still more famous as the intimate friend and biographer of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

John of Salisbury's real name, if mediaeval folk had followed the modern custom of taking a patronymic, which they did not always do, should have been John Short or Little. He himself somewhat humorously and yet humbly describes himself as: "Little in name, less in ability, least in merit." He

was born of Saxon stock about 1115, at Salisbury, as his name implies, and was thus about fifteen years younger than Adrian.

John, like his friend the Pope, had in his young days been a poor wandering scholar, and like him had studied at Paris where he came within the magic influence of Abelard, "from whom," he says, "I learnt the rudiments of logic, and seized with avidity according to the scant measure of my wits, whatever passed his lips." After studying some time at Paris he left for Chartres, where he was not only a student but, to keep his purse filled, a teacher as well. "I had," he says, "the children of noble persons to instruct, which provided me with the means of living—for I had not friends or kinsfolk to assist me—but God assuaged my needs."

The high schools of Paris were in his day the centre of the intellectual world, and an indigent scholar of ability was bound sooner or later to turn toward them in search of employment. John came back quite out of sympathy with the heretical atmosphere that

Abelard had created, and which had dominated him when he left for Chartres, for in his own words: "Experience had taught me that whereas logic furthers other studies, by itself it is bloodless and barren."

After his return to Paris he attracted the notice of St. Bernard, and by him was recommended to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who appointed him his secretary, which position he also filled under Theobald's successor, St. Thomas. John indeed became St. Thomas's closest friend, and chief supporter in his fight against Henry II's attempt to curb the power and prestige of the Church. John, in his book, the *Polycraticus*, makes his position with regard to the relations of Church and State abundantly clear, when he declares his emphatic belief that the very existence of Christianity is bound up with the supremacy and independence of the Church. Holding such pronounced views we can understand that he soon incurred the displeasure of the arbitrary King and shared the exile of St. Thomas. He is also said to have been present when his master was murdered in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170.

Six years afterwards John was made Bishop of Chartres.

John of Salisbury was undoubtedly the best read man of his day, and constantly quotes passages from the great classical writers—an evidence of rare culture in the twelfth century. His principal work, the *Polycraticus*, which it has been suggested means "the Statesman's book," gives in lucid language a very accurate picture of the manners and modes of thought of the times in which he lived, and incidentally—and this makes the work interesting to us just here—contains a vivid account of his visits to Adrian, notably this one at Beneventum. Evidently the two were on the most intimate terms, nor does the high position to which Adrian had attained appear to have interfered at all with that friendship.

It is sometimes said that John of Salisbury went to Beneventum, as Henry II's ambassador, to beg the Pope to bestow Ireland upon the English crown, but though John as a matter of fact succeeded in accomplishing more than Henry II's ambassadors were

able to effect, he does not appear to have gone to Beneventum for that purpose, but simply that he might pay his old friend a visit.

We can imagine with what pleasure Adrian, surrounded as he was by men of an alien race, would welcome his own countryman and friend of his youth, and it is not wonderful that he opened his heart to John, and spoke bitterly of the troubles and difficulties of his precarious position—much to our profit also, for by that means we get a truer insight into the humble, lovable nature of the man, than the closest study of a mere chronicle of his actions could give us. Driven from his own city, in imminent danger either of being taken prisoner by the Sicilian, or escaping that fate to be overwhelmed by the German bugbear, he had good reason to bewail the hardness of his fate. "The Papal throne," he said to John, "was covered with thorns, and the mantle pierced with sharp points, and so heavy that it would drag the strongest man to the ground," and continuing, lamented that he had ever left his native land of England,

or at least that quiet cell at Avignon, for the difficult path he had now to tread. Then he used the memorable expression that he was between "the hammer and the anvil," and had been ever since he came to the throne. He added that no man was so full of cares as the Pope, and none so wretched as the head of the Catholic Church. "I pray God to aid me with this burden which He has put upon my shoulders, else should I find it insupportable."

It was evidently a cry for human sympathy from a tender, loving heart, tried almost to breaking point by the loneliness and difficulties of his position, and as we listen, these many centuries after, our hearts, as did John's, go out to the sufferer, and we rejoice that Adrian was not entirely alone in his sorrow, but had, at least for some time, at his side to comfort and strengthen him such a good faithful friend as John of Salisbury —a man true as steel, frank and open-hearted as the day, and one that never shrank from telling the truth, however much it might offend. Such a friend he proved himself to be to the glorious Arch-

bishop of Canterbury, "our holy blissful martyr" St. Thomas, and such he was to the Vicar of Christ on earth.

John, in his *Polycraticus*, also reports very fully another conversation that he had with Adrian about the state of the Church, and the straightforward nature of the man peeps through every word of his narrative. "He asked me," said John, "what men said of the Church and the Holy Father." "I said, frankly, without disguising anything, what I had heard men say in the provinces I had visited." "They say, for example, that the Roman Church behaves more like a step-parent than a mother to some of her daughters; moreover many scribes and pharisees are to be found in her who put burdens on other men's shoulders that they would not touch even with one of their fingers—men who decorate their tables with gold and silver while their poor flocks well-nigh perish with hunger. They do not administer justice but sell it: everything with them has its price."

John went even further than this and dared to say, that the people muttered that

the Pope himself was a tyrant, and that the churches, which the piety of their ancestors had built, were falling to pieces for lack of repairs while he went about clothed in purple and gold. "That is what the people say," said blunt John, "since your Holiness expects the truth." "And you yourself," enquired the Pope, "what do you think?" "I am in a difficulty," John answered, "if I speak falsely I should account myself nothing but a sycophant and a liar, if I speak the truth I may offend your Holiness." Pressed by Adrian to speak his mind, he said that he was unable to contradict the severe things that Cardinal Guido Clement had already said about the abuses of the Church, not secretly, but in the presence of Pope Eugenius III and his fellow Cardinals. "Yet," continued John, "I will say boldly and on my conscience, that I have also nowhere seen such examples of virtue, and such contempt for worldly wealth as are to be found among the priests of the Roman Church."

Then John turned to the second part of the question which referred to the Pope

himself, and said that as Adrian wished to have the plain truth he would tell him that as the Holy Ghost could not err, whatever he taught must be believed by the whole Church, but what his Holiness did was not always to be imitated, concluding with these words:

"Your Holiness is styled the Lord and Father of all, but why, if you are Lord, do you not strike terror into the Romans, curb their insolence and bring them back to their duty, and if you are Father, why do you require presents from your children?" John evidently, from these remarks, did not quite understand Adrian's position with regard to his unruly Roman subjects. Spiritual weapons alone would not "bring them back to their duty": they required that physical persuasion, for lack of which Adrian was cooped up in this very town of Beneventum, daily expecting the blare of Sicilian trumpets that should herald its surrender.

But so far from being offended at this straight speech Adrian laughed heartily, and said he was delighted to have found a man so honest as to dare to speak his mind,

and charged John, if ever he heard more news of the kind to fail not to report it.

When Adrian died John spoke of him in terms of the deepest love and reverence, quoting a line of Horace in an ode to Virgil on the death of Quintilius Varus, to the effect that when he died he was bewailed by many good people, but by no one more than himself. "For although," John continued, "(Adrian) had a mother and a brother he loved me with a closer affection even than them, for he confessed publicly and privately that he esteemed me above all mortals. He had formed such an opinion of me that daily, as there was opportunity, he yearned to pour out his soul to me. And when he was Pope he delighted to have me as a guest at his table, drinking out of the same cup and eating out of the same dish, in spite of my resistance. If I wished to enumerate all his virtues, this book (*Polycraticus*) would grow into an enormous volume."

No volume, however large, could give a better picture of the intimate fellowship that existed between these two friends than

John has managed to convey in these few lines.

It is from the above passage, too, that we learn that Adrian had a brother, and we may safely conclude that Robert Breakspeare's family consisted of only these two sons. Cardinal Boso must have been the son of this brother; his Christian name, Boso, was a rather unusual one for an Englishman, but more common in France where there were at least two Kings of Provence named Boson—its French equivalent.

Boso Breakspeare was a monk of St. Albans, who followed Adrian to Italy, and was created by him a Cardinal-deacon, with the title of SS. Cosmas and Damian, in December, 1155, and became his secretary from the beginning of his reign. Adrian had great confidence in him, which he showed by entrusting him, as we have mentioned, with the command of the Castle of St. Angelo on the occasion of Frederick's coronation. He afterwards sent Boso on a mission to Portugal, and continued on most intimate terms with him until his death.

Cardinal Boso was the author of some rhymed lives of women saints and a much too short biography of his uncle, though it must be said that some authorities attribute the life of Adrian IV, that passes under his name, to another hand, possibly Cardinal Nicholas of Aragon, who lived much later. He—if it be Boso—speaks of Adrian in one place as "this Blessed Pope," and in another "as a most benign shepherd and loving Father." It is indeed significant that the two men who knew Adrian best—Cardinal Boso and John of Salisbury—should have been the two who loved him the most dearly, and spoke loudest in his praise.

William the Bad doing homage to Pope Adrian IV.

CHAPTER XIV

ADRIAN IN ROME

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War.

Milton.

AFTER the signing of this Treaty, the English Pope entered, for the first and only time in his brief pontificate, upon a short period of quiet, during part of which he still continued to reside at Beneventum. It was then that a deputation of Greek Bishops waited upon him, with a petition which contained some rather curious charges against the Knights Hospitallers.

The truth was that a good deal of jealousy had arisen between the Greek clergy in the Holy City of Jerusalem and this powerful military Order, because Pope Anastasius IV had released the Knights from the duty of paying tithes on account of their hospitality to pilgrims and the poor, which, indeed, was one of the objects for which the Order had

been founded. The Greek bishops and clergy, however, did not relish losing such a large part of their income, so they came to Adrian complaining that the Knights permitted excommunicated persons to attend their Church, and did not refuse them the last Sacraments and Christian burial; also that the priests of St. John, after ordination, did not ask the bishop for faculties; further, that they had built their hospital on a more magnificent scale than the Church of the Holy Sepulchre which stood opposite to it, as an insult to the Patriarch, and, that when he was going to preach, they set all their bells ringing in order to drown his voice, and had actually shot arrows at him while he was performing the Divine Offices in the church.

This deputation found that their long and toilsome journey from Jerusalem to Beneventum was, after all, a fruitless one, for at the end of the trial, which lasted three or four days, the Pope decided in favour of the Knights, pronouncing the charges against them frivolous, and refusing to annul the privileges granted to the Order by his predecessor.

Adrian left Beneventum at the end of July, 1156, for the great monastery of Monte Cassino, from which place, after a few days, he went, by way of Narnia, to Orvieto, where, by the advice of his Cardinals, he stayed some months and made himself very popular, for, although Orvieto was a Papal possession, none of the Popes had ever visited it before.

Orvieto was a strongly fortified town, which had revolted against the Holy See, and had only returned to its allegiance just before Adrian's visit. The city occupied an important strategical position on his northern frontier, and, before he left, the Pope caused its already extensive defences to be considerably strengthened.

After his departure from Orvieto he went for a month to Viterbo, and it is thought that from that city he entered into negotiations with the Roman people for a return to his capital; at any rate, he was in Rome at the beginning of November, 1156, and stayed until the following June.

Adrian signalized his return by inaugurating a number of improvements in the city,

and had he been able to remain there in peace would, no doubt, have effected much more. Among other things he built a church at Ponte Lucano, repaired the roof of the Church of the Holy Procession, dedicated a handsome altar in the Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, and made several additions to the palace of the Lateran. He also purchased considerable portions of land, all of which he used for the erection of fortifications, particularly on his northern frontier, which his shrewd common sense saw ought to be protected against probable further inroads by Frederick Barbarossa.

Much of our information regarding Adrian's works in Rome comes from Cardinal Boso's biography, which, lost for centuries, has recently been discovered. We could wish, however, that, besides these minute descriptions of improvements, Boso had seen fit to dwell more upon the personal character and history of his uncle. His account of those early days, when Adrian waged his stern fight against "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," is a very meagre one. He does, indeed, detail a few

of his personal characteristics, which we may as well mention here. Adrian, said his nephew, was of a most kindly and patient disposition, slow to wrath and quick to forgive, of a very generous spirit and a cheerful giver. We also learn that he was a very eloquent and powerful preacher, a good linguist and an excellent Latin scholar, and, in addition, possessed a fine singing-voice, and was a devoted lover of music, especially church music.

Undoubtedly, Adrian's chief claim to be considered one of the great Popes, apart from his profound piety and jealous regard for the honour and dignity of Holy Church, was his extraordinary talent for diplomacy, and his aptitude for moulding victory out of the elements of defeat. All the outstanding events of his life—his difficult dispute with dissatisfied monks at St. Rufus; his embassy to the uncouth Northmen; his stirrup-struggle with Barbarossa; his treaty with the victorious Sicilian, are illustrative of this. Had his lot been cast in less troublous times there seems reason to believe that he might have done much to solve a problem

which had engaged the attention of all the Popes since the great Schism, and which also our late Holy Father, Leo XIII, had so much at heart, namely, the healing of the breach between the Greek and Catholic Churches.

Adrian did make an effort in this direction by writing letters to the Patriarch of Constantinople and Basil, Bishop of Thessalonica, urging them towards a reunion of Christendom. He also sent legates to the Byzantine Emperor with the same purpose, but nothing came of either attempt, though Basil wrote to say that he considered the differences of belief between the two Churches to be very slight.

Adrian, however, about this time effected one very important reform in ecclesiastical matters when, in his Bull to Berengarius, Archbishop of Narbonne (1156), he put a stop to a pernicious practice of the nobles, who, on the death of a bishop, were wont to seize his property and divide it amongst themselves.

CHAPTER XV

THE DIET OF BESANÇON

There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.
"*Hudibras*," *Butler.*

NOT long after Frederick Barbarossa returned to Germany, he had, contrary to the canons of the Church, and in spite of Adrian's remonstrances, put away his wife Adelheid, and entered into an unlawful union with a beautiful young girl, Beatrice, heiress of Burgundy, who brought him that powerful realm as her dowry. It was to emphasize this important addition to his possessions, and to receive the homage due to him in right of his new consort, that the Emperor held his historic Diet of Besançon, at which brilliant assembly attended not only the Princes of the Empire and his Burgundian vassals, but representatives from England, France, Spain, and

Italy, all eager to pay court to the most renowned and powerful of living sovereigns.

As we have pointed out Frederick was most unreasonably annoyed at the peace which the Pope had just concluded with William of Sicily, quite ignoring the fact that, in a treaty made between himself and Pope Eugenius III, it had been expressly stated that though the Emperor was bound not to make an alliance with the King of Sicily without the Pope's consent, no such condition was imposed upon his Holiness. In spite, however, of this agreement, Frederick pretended that the signing of the Peace of Beneventum without his concurrence was a genuine source of complaint against Adrian, and so, at the time of this Diet of Besançon, he was in a very quarrelsome frame of mind. His pent-up fury lacked but the opportunity for an explosion, and that opportunity was the quicker found because the Holy Father, besides his antipathy to Frederick's Burgundian alliance, had another grievance, and he was hardly the man to keep a still tongue when his manifest duty

called for energetic remonstrance. It came about in this way.

Quite recently Eskil, Archbishop of Lund —Adrian's Scandinavian friend—now an old man, while travelling through Burgundy on his return to his diocese after visiting the Pope, was attacked and taken prisoner by some robber-knights, who plundered and treated him shamefully, and even endangered his life during his captivity. This dastardly outrage on so venerated a prelate caused considerable commotion, and Adrian wrote to Frederick demanding redress. Frederick, though as Holy Roman Emperor he had sworn to be the champion of the Church, took no steps to secure Eskil's release. The Pope then addressed a second letter of remonstrance, and sent it to the Diet by the hands of two Legates, one of whom was Cardinal Roland of St. Mark, Chancellor of the Holy See, and the other Cardinal Bernard of St. Clement.

Now at this time, as Adrian well knew, Frederick was much under the influence of two men, the German Chancellor, Reinald of Dassel—a small, fair man, possessed of

considerable ability—and Otto of Wittelsbach, Count Palatine—a choleric fire-eater—who were both hostile to the Holy See, and did all they could to undermine the Emperor's devotion to the Church. Reinald indeed seems to have formed the notion of breaking altogether with Rome, and founding a national German Church with a German Pope at its head. Both these men played an important part in the extraordinary scene that occurred on the second day of the Diet.

Frederick gave the Legates a special private audience in his oratory at which, amongst others, Reinald and Otto were present; the Legates presented their credentials and the Pope's Latin letter which the German Chancellor translated into the Teutonic language—mark this!—and read aloud to the Emperor. The opening words, "the Most Holy Pope Adrian and the Cardinals give the Emperor greeting—he as thy father, they as thy brethren," did not please the haughty Frederick, but when the Holy Father went on to reprove him for his non-interference on behalf of the aged Arch-

bishop, whose misfortunes he related, Barbarossa is said to have grown crimson with anger. In this truculent mood he was eager to catch at anything which could, by any twist, be construed into a cause of quarrel. The next few sentences supplied what he wanted: "Thou shouldst recall, O most glorious Son, how willingly thy Mother, the Holy Roman Church, in the past year welcomed thee: what a fullness of honour and dignity she conferred on thee, and how cheerfully by the gift of the Imperial Crown She exalted thee to the highest pitch of greatness. Nor do we repent of having fulfilled thy desires: had thy Excellency received at our hands, were that possible, yet greater benefits (*beneficia*) we, considering the advantages that may, through thee, come to the Church of God and to us, would rejoice thereat."

It was the word "*beneficia*"—or rather Reinald's translation of that word—which put the Emperor in a fury. Now it is true that *beneficia* did, in mediaeval Latin, mean fiefs as well as benefits, but in classical Latin and this is what Adrian intended, it could—

the Feudal system not being invented—only mean benefits, as the Legates tried hard to make Frederick understand.

Words ran high round the meaning of this unfortunate expression when, suddenly, in the middle of the discussion, Cardinal Roland burst out with, "From whom then has your master received the Empire if not from our Lord the Pope?" A thunderbolt could not have caused greater consternation; hardly were the words out of the Cardinal's mouth before Otto of Wittelsbach, in a fit of ungovernable passion, rushed upon the Legate, sword in hand, and would have cut him down where he stood, had not Frederick, throwing his mighty person between the two, restrained him. This scene brought the audience to an abrupt conclusion, and, when the uproar had subsided, Frederick ordered that the Cardinals should be conducted back to their lodgings in safety.

The next day they were commanded to depart straightway to Rome under an escort, and by the shortest way, with strict injunctions to travel as quickly as possible, to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left,

and not to enter the territory of any bishop or abbot on their journey.

In such unceremonious fashion did Frederick dismiss, in the person of Cardinal Roland, the future Pope Alexander III, by whom he was to be excommunicated, and at whose feet he was destined to bow his head in humble submission.

Such an insult to the accredited ambassadors of the Holy See could not fail to offend all true sons of the Church, and might even rouse to indignation those German bishops who had hitherto so stedfastly supported the Emperor in all his doings. None knew this better than Frederick, and, as it often counts for much to have the first word, he hurriedly wrote a circular letter, explaining his point of view, to the chief ecclesiastics and princes of the Empire.

This letter of Frederick's was most unwisely written while he was still consumed with anger. In it he declared that he held his Imperial Crown from God alone, and that the Pope had simply performed, as God's servant, the ceremony of consecrating him. Then, proceeding from defence to

attack, he brought some unjust charges, couched in extravagant language, against the Pope and the Church—describing the Legates as "two caitiff priests," and Adrian as a "promoter of discord," and then, artfully passing over in silence Otto's violent act, stated that his reason for dismissing the Legates so unceremoniously was that he had found among the Cardinals' baggage certain blank papers already signed and sealed, which gave them power to go all over his Empire plundering the Churches, and it was to prevent this that he had ordered them to return to Rome.

Now even supposing this extraordinary statement to be true, Frederick, by his own confession, had been guilty of a serious breach of manners and hospitality in examining the luggage of his guests. After this lame explanation, he proceeded to denounce all who differed from him as slanderers and enemies of our Lord and His apostles, and ended by assuring the clergy that he, and not the Pope, was their true protector. Frederick followed up this letter with an Edict forbidding all communication between

the German clergy and the Holy See, especially prohibiting the bishops from leaving the Empire to pay their annual visit to the Pope.

We must now turn to Adrian and see what course he pursued when he heard of this fresh attempt of Barbarossa to rebel against his spiritual authority, and exalt the State at the expense of the Church.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW ADRIAN MADE PEACE

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading.
King Henry VIII.

ADRIAN was at Anagni in the Campagna when he dispatched his embassy in the month of October to the Diet of Besançon, but, as he issued a Bull from the Lateran, dated the 2nd November, he must have gone back to Rome very shortly after their departure, and remained there until June of the following year.

The Cardinals, on their arrival at Rome, gave an account of the treatment they had received at Barbarossa's hands. Some German chroniclers say that they stooped to exaggerate their wrongs, but this can hardly be true, seeing that Cardinal Roland nearly lost his life, and it is acknowledged that they were dismissed in most ignominious fashion.

Adrian was greatly troubled, but was too kindly a man by nature and too saintly a man by grace to give way to any violent expressions of anger. The Legates' story, nevertheless, caused a great sensation in the Roman Curia. As we have mentioned before, some of the Cardinals belonged to the Imperial party, among them Cardinal Octavian, afterwards the Anti-pope Victor, and apparently already on the road to perdition. This section of the Cardinals openly accused the Legates of mismanagement and want of tact. Adrian sided with his Legates, but, as he did not feel strong enough to declare war against Frederick, he very wisely set about trying to make peace.

With this object in view, he sent a letter to the German prelates giving them an account of the Besançon affair, and also counselling them how to act in the matter. Adrian's dignified and restrained language in this letter is in striking contrast to that of Barbarossa. After speaking generally about what all Bishops should do under such circumstances, he says: "Our illustrious son Frederick, Emperor of the Romans, we

say it with profound sorrow, hath lately done what, so far as we know, is without example in the times of his predecessors. For, on our sending him two of our worthiest Cardinals, he appeared at first to receive them cordially, but the next day, when they read to him our letter, he broke out into such violence of passion at a certain expression contained therein, that it is lamentable to think of the reproaches he is said to have cast at them, of the insults he obliged them to bear, and of the dishonourable manner in which he dismissed them from his presence, and drove them out of his states."

The Pope then refers to the edict that Frederick had issued, prohibiting their intercourse with Rome, and said that it was a great consolation to him to know that the Emperor did not so act by the advice of the Bishops or his Princes, and so urges the Bishops to spare no pains in bringing Frederick to repentance. Adrian speaks in a severer tone when he comes to mention Reinald and Otto, "who dared to vomit out the greatest blasphemies against our Legates

and the Roman Church," and tells the Bishops that they are to take care that these men "make full and public satisfaction for their offences, so that as many as were wounded by their speech may be edified by their repentance."

The Bishops, on receiving this letter, were sorely puzzled how to act; in their hearts they sided, as they were in duty bound to do, with the Pope and the Church; but, on the other hand, they were so completely under Frederick's thumb that they dared not do as they would, and as a way out of the difficulty sent the Papal brief to the Emperor.

Frederick, thus brought to bay, took refuge in a quibble, and denied that he had forbidden the clergy to visit the Holy See, then made an attempt to justify his conduct, and so far succeeded—Frederick was always an adept at stating his own case—in impressing the German Bishops that they wrote to His Holiness, saying that the Emperor had disclaimed any intention of encroaching upon the rights of the Church, but at the same time, rather than see the glory of his

Imperial Crown one whit tarnished, he would prefer to lay it down forthwith. Then they made some reference to a picture in the Vatican which had given umbrage to Frederick. This picture represented the Emperor Lothair kneeling to Pope Innocent II and receiving from him the Imperial Crown, which act the inscription underneath implied—and this was the sore point—he performed as the vassal of the Pope. The Bishops said that Frederick demanded that this picture should be destroyed. Furthermore they mentioned that the Emperor in his letter had written a good deal about the Pope's alliance with William of Sicily, about which subject they, out of reverence to His Holiness, would not speak.

Adrian clearly perceived that the tone of the Bishops' letter, while quite respectful to him, showed a decided bias in favour of the Emperor, and His Holiness therefore, with his customary prudence, determined to make another effort to patch up the quarrel. To this end he dispatched a second embassy, consisting of Cardinal Henry of SS. Nereus and Achilles and Cardinal Hyacinth of

St. Mary in Scola Graeca, both men of wide experience, and much more fitted, so say the Ghibelline historians, for this delicate mission than their predecessors.

In the meantime, Barbarossa had sent Otto and Reinald into Italy as forerunners of his own coming, and these new Papal envoys met the Imperial Commissioners at Modena, and explained the nature of their errand. Unfriendly disposed as they were toward the Holy See, Otto and Reinald did not dare to detain the two Cardinals, but nevertheless offered them no escort through the dangerous Alpine passes, infested by roving bands of marauders. The aged Archbishop of Trent, however, hearing of their lack of proper protection, offered to accompany them, but while travelling through the valley of the Adige they were all three taken prisoners and held to ransom by two robber-lords, named Counts Henry and Frederick, who thought that the Emperor's quarrel with the Holy See would permit them to do so with impunity.

Here was a dilemma! but happily Cardinal Hyacinth's brother, a Roman nobleman,

offered himself as a hostage for the three captives. The robber counts were graciously pleased to accept him, and released the Archbishop and the two Cardinals from the irons into which they had been put, and allowed them to continue their journey to Augsburg, where Frederick was busy collecting troops for his second expedition into Italy. All this had taken time, and it was now early in the spring of 1158.

Frederick was far too astute a statesman not to see that it would not at this juncture further his plans in Italy if he did not show some inclination for a settlement of his dispute with the Pope, so he received the two Cardinals courteously, and then commanded his uncle Otto, Bishop of Freisingen—the chronicler from whom many of these details are gathered—to translate the Pope's letter to him. Otto himself was very friendly toward the Holy See, and much grieved at the strained relations existing between his nephew and Adrian, so we may be sure he did his best to avoid a repetition of misunderstanding through inaccurate translation of the Latin original.

In this letter, as a proof of his conciliatory attitude, Adrian had substituted for the style of his former address the following modified form: "The Head of the Holy Roman Church, your Highness's pious Father in Christ, greets you as the first and dearest son of St. Peter, and all the Cardinals, our reverend brethren, greet you as the Lord and Emperor of Rome and of the world." In the beginning of this brief the Pope expressed his surprise at the treatment his former envoys had received, and then explained his classical use of the word *beneficia*, remarking that surely the Pope's bestowal of the Imperial Crown upon the Emperor was a "good deed" or "benefit." Then, after some words expressive of regret that the Emperor had issued his edict forbidding the German ecclesiastics to pay their usual visits of duty to Rome, Adrian concluded by begging him to receive the new Legates with kindness, and do his best to end the strife between Church and Empire.

This letter had the desired effect. Frederick declared himself satisfied with the Papal explanation, gave the Kiss of Peace to the

Pope by the Legates, and sent them away with handsome presents, and, further, to show his friendliness, deputed Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, to punish the robbers who had detained the Legates on their way to Augsburg—a duty which Henry appears to have performed in a prompt and efficient manner. Thus were the Emperor and the Pope once more reconciled.

CHAPTER XVII

BARBAROSSA AGAIN INVADES ITALY

War, war is still the cry—"war even to the knife!"
Childe Harold.

THIS reconciliation took place in the beginning of the year 1158, but it did not last long, and the struggle between the Papal and Imperial powers was continued for the rest of Adrian's short reign, the Emperor becoming more and more overbearing and less and less amenable to argument and restraint. His object, beyond doubt, was to crush once and for all the rising spirit of independence in the Italian cities, and make himself absolute master of the whole of the peninsula.

The scene of the duel between Church and State now shifted to Lombardy, where the city of Milan, the most prosperous and independent of the Lombard communes, in consort with her allies, Brescia, Crema, and Piacenza—all honour to them!—courage-

ously held aloft the banner of freedom, being greatly encouraged by Adrian, who, finding the Emperor Manuel a broken reed and William of Sicily very unsafe to lean upon, esteemed these allied Guelph cities his surest bulwark against Imperial aggression and insult.

Milan and her confederates had need of all their courage, for it was an enormous host that now, at the bidding of the Emperor, swarmed like locusts on the fertile Lombard plains. Brave Brescia soon fell before their fierce assaults, and Milan herself was so straitly besieged that, after a month of it, the staunchness of the citizens being broken by famine, she too succumbed and sullenly witnessed the unfurling of the hated Imperial banner from St. Ambrose's tower, the highest in North Italy.

The next day saw a moving sight, as the notables of the city, clad in mean attire, barefoot, and with naked swords about their necks, walked through the city gates, preceded by the Archbishop and the clergy bearing the Cross, and followed by a long sorrowful train of craftsmen and other lesser

citizens, also barefoot, but with ropes instead of dangling swords round their plebeian necks, esteemed of too poor a clay for the high honour of decapitation. Along the lane formed by the Imperial army drawn up in two lines, these mournful processionists slowly passed until they came near the throne whereon, surrounded by his brilliant array of vassals, sat the Emperor, before whom, as one man, the whole population of Milan fell prostrate, beseeching mercy.

It was indeed an Imperial triumph, and Frederick was just the man to seize the first opportunity of driving home its true significance. He summoned a Diet to meet at Roncaglia, between Cremona and Piacenza, in November, 1158, to which came many Italian bishops and nobles, as well as consuls from most of the cities of Lombardy and North Italy. Frederick was always careful to give a legal colour to his arbitrary acts, so there came too, at his bidding, four celebrated doctors of law from Bologna high schools, who were to declare to the assembly what, in their opinion, were Frederick's exact legal rights in Italy. These good doctors

—hardly free agents, with the redoubtable Red-beard at their very elbows—awarded him almost everything Italy had to offer in the way of taxes, imposts and rights of appointment to places of honour and profit. They also declared one of the titles of the Emperor to be "Lord of the city," meaning the city of Rome; and one, more of a sycophant than the rest, blasphemously said that "the Emperor is on earth what God is in Heaven."

Not content with this assumption of autocratic authority over Northern Italy, Frederick had the audacity to attempt enforcing the same rights over the bishops and lands of the Church, and actually did award the suzerainty over Tuscany and Sardinia—bequeathed by the Countess Matilda of Tuscany to Pope Gregory VII and his heirs for ever—to his uncle, Guelph VI, with the title of Duke of Spoleto. This act was in direct violation of his coronation oath, but, as if that were not sufficient, he proceeded to appoint, without the Pope's sanction, his chancellor, Reinald, to the vacant See of Cologne, contrary to the Treaty of Worms,

which he had signed and sworn to observe; and he also sent a letter to Adrian, demanding that Guido, son of Count Blandrada, a strong Imperialist, should be made Archbishop of Ravenna—a See second in importance only to Rome itself. This Guido was but a youth, and the Pope had already appointed him to a church in the city. Now no Roman cleric could without the Pope's sanction accept an office or dignity in any other diocese. Adrian's consent therefore was necessary, and was refused in a polite letter, tinged with sarcasm, in which he said that he intended to keep Guido in Rome and in due course would find him more suitable preferment than the Archbishopric of Ravenna. But what more than all broke the back of Adrian's patience was the Emperor's interference in a dispute between the towns of Bergamo and Brescia, which the Pope himself was engaged in settling. It is not quite certain whether what follows took place after the affair of the Archbishop of Ravenna or not—some writers say one thing, some another—not that it really matters which brief reached the Emperor

first, but probably it was the one concerning Brescia.

Naturally it was an angry letter, for the Pope had been tried almost beyond endurance by the Emperor's meddling, but the Ghibelline historians say that Frederick was more angered by the method of its delivery than by its contents.

It was brought, so say these authorities, by a ragged messenger of no rank, who forced his way unceremoniously into the Emperor's presence, and, after handing him the letter, abruptly disappeared. We think we have said enough about Adrian to show that such a diplomatic blunder would be quite foreign to his character. It is allowed that this messenger was of inferior rank to the legates, and it is possible that he was travel-stained on his arrival, but to describe him as ragged is, doubtless, a wilful Ghibelline exaggeration. His abrupt departure was probably due to the disinclination of the messenger to afford, in his own person, another instance of Frederick's summary treatment of those who, whether as princi-

pals or instruments, attempted the dangerous experiment of bearding him.

Frederick seized this incident as a pretext to work himself into a passion, and revenged himself in a very petty and at the same time very disrespectful way. He ordered his secretaries, when addressing letters in future from him to the Pope, to put his name before that of the Holy Father, and furthermore to address his Holiness in the familiar second person singular—to *tutoyer* him, as the French say. This was contrary to mediaeval etiquette, which enjoined the use of the respectful plural number in addressing persons of high rank, especially, of course, so exalted a dignitary as the Pope. Frederick adopted this churlish method in his reply to this very brief, and got in response a stern letter of remonstrance from Adrian reproving him for his irreverence to the Holy See and St. Peter, pointing out that in demanding homage from bishops and in closing the churches and cities of his empire against the Papal legates, Frederick was violating his coronation oath. "We warn thee," said

Adrian in continuation, "to be prudent, lest in seizing what has not been granted to thee thou mayst lose that which we have already given"—a significant hint, alluding, of course, to the Imperial Crown.

To this Frederick sent a still more insolent letter, in which he dared to lecture the Holy Father, telling him that our Lord had given him an example in His words: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart," and adding that he would do well to follow that example, and that, as Christ had paid tribute to Caesar so ought the bishops to pay tribute to him (Frederick). Then he went on to say that he had closed Germany against the Legates because he had found them to be, not preachers but robbers (*non praedicatores sed praedatores*), not bringers of salvation but greedy seekers after gold. "Did Pope Sylvester," he continued, "possess temporal power in the Emperor Constantine's time, and did not the subsequent Popes owe this power to the generosity of his (Frederick's) predecessors?" He ended this most irreverent epistle with the remark, that he had so written because he could per-

ceive that the monster Pride was now seated in the Chair of St. Peter.

It may well be supposed that such a letter would be certain to provoke deep and just anger on the part of the Supreme Pontiff, but Adrian was far too wise to allow his personal feelings to prompt him to any course of action likely to be injurious to the interests of the Church; so, serious as the provocation was, in this, as in all the other momentous crises of his life, he acted prudently and with dignity.

But, before we consider what steps he took to deal with the arrogant Emperor, we must turn for a while to the city of Milan, where important events had been happening.

CHAPTER XVIII

ADRIAN DEFENDS THE CHURCH

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels.

Shakespeare.

THOUGH Milan seemed for a while utterly crushed by her humiliating surrender to the Emperor, the seeds of revolt within her but lacked the warm sun of opportunity to burst into vigorous life. An occasion favourable to fruition presented itself when the Imperial Commissioners—Reinald and Otto—came to appoint a Podesta. These Podestas—an invention of Frederick—invested with extraordinary powers, approaching that of dictators, were not allowed to be natives, nor during their term of office permitted to take any part in the ordinary civic life, of the city in which they held jurisdiction. This provision was supposed to secure impartiality of judgement.

The populace, seeing in the establishment

of this foreign Imperial officer the total disappearance of their ancient freedom, surrounded the house where the Commissioners were residing, and indulged in their favourite pastime of stone-throwing, amidst fierce shouts of "Death to them! Death to them!" ominously vehement. The Commissioners, in fear of their lives, disguised themselves and hurriedly withdrew from the city, and hastening to Bologna, where Frederick was holding another Diet, reported their ignominious reception and hasty flight. Considering that Frederick had been surfeited at this Diet with congratulations from the obsequious envoys of the other European powers and the Ghibelline cities of Italy, for the apparent success of his efforts to bring his mutinous Lombard subjects to better obedience, he was hardly in the mood to adopt a conciliatory attitude. Rising hastily from his seat, he addressed a vehement speech to the Diet, urging them to co-operate in chastising these rash offenders against the Imperial majesty. Peremptorily summoned to answer for their action, the Milanese sent envoys, who boldly said that what had

occurred was the direct result of Frederick's unlawful interference with their magisterial appointments, and further added, in their desperation, that, though he had forced them to swear an oath of fealty, they had never promised to keep it.

Inwardly chafing at such bold responses, Frederick, unlike his usual impetuous self, took no immediate hostile action, but gave the Milanese delegates an opportunity to retract their position and express repentance. This they did not attempt to do, and the city was accordingly placed under the ban of the Empire, which meant that the inhabitants were doomed to slavery, their goods to plunder, and their city to destruction.

It was at this Bologna Diet that Frederick received Adrian's reply to his irreverent letter reported in the last chapter. This was carried by a stately embassy consisting of four Cardinals—some writers say five—two of whom were his former Legates, Cardinal Octavian and Cardinal Henry; a third was Frederick's personal friend, Cardinal Guido, and the fourth was also an Archdeacon. These bore what was practically an ultimatum

from the Pope, who intended to supplement it, if necessary, by a sentence of excommunication against Frederick, involving the deprivation of the Imperial crown.

We must examine the terms of this ultimatum rather closely, because they reveal how tenaciously our English Pope defended the rights of Holy Church against her usurping foe, and how, too, he encouraged the Italian cities in their struggle for independence. Firstly, Adrian demanded that no Imperial officer was to act in the city of Rome without his consent; this inferred the acknowledgement of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See. Secondly, that the Emperor should not collect any *fodrum* from the Papal territories, except at his coronation. *Fodrum* was a tax originally of fodder, levied upon the inhabitants of an invaded country; this implied that no Imperial army could invade the lands of the Church. Thirdly, that the Italian Bishops might swear fealty to the Emperor, but should do homage to the Pope alone. Fourthly, that Imperial ambassadors were not to demand lodgment in Bishops' palaces as a right.

Lastly, and this touched Frederick nearest, that the following possessions of the Holy See should be restored to it: Tivoli, Ferrara, Massa, Ficoloro, and all the territory which the Countess Matilda had bequeathed to it, the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, and the land which lay between Rome and Acquapendente.

Frederick replied that he must consult his council before he could return a full answer, but, in the meantime, he would reply to certain points. He said that he was willing to dispense with the homage of the Bishops, provided they would render up the fiefs they held under the Empire, but he considered the demand that the Imperial ambassadors should not be quartered in the episcopal palaces as absurd, because since everything on the land belonged to the owner of the land, these palaces were the Emperor's, not the Bishops'. "As for the city of Rome," continued Frederick, "By God's grace I am Emperor, and if I have not authority in my capital city, then is the Empire an idle name, and my title a mockery." In conclusion, the Emperor hinted that if he did not find the

Pope amenable, he could make very favourable terms with the Senate and people of Rome.

The Legates answered that they could not discuss the matter further, whereupon Frederick suggested that Adrian should send two more Cardinals, to act with the four already in his camp, to confer with six German Bishops on the matters in dispute.

The Pope saw that such an arrangement would be derogatory to his dignity as Supreme Pontiff, and insisted on his original terms, which were the same as those of the Concordat of Blessed Eugenius III with Frederick. The Emperor, in reply, said that he considered that treaty a dead letter, because the Pope had himself violated its conditions by making peace with William of Sicily without his concurrence. This, of course, was a false charge, as we have already explained. Matters had now come to a deadlock. The Emperor insisted on his Bishops' conference, and the Pope stood firm for the Concordat of Eugenius III. An open rupture seemed imminent.

Before we tell what happened next, we

must pause for a moment to consider an incident which occurred about the end of 1158 or the beginning of 1159, in which Adrian showed his usual sound statesmanship, and his fatherly care for all Christian countries. The King of France at that time was Louis VII, surnamed the Young, who reigned from 1137 to 1180. He had taken part in the Second Crusade (1147), and always proved himself a devoted son of the Church, though sometimes his zeal outran his discretion. Jealous of each other, he and Henry II of England were mostly at loggerheads, but just now they had temporarily patched up their quarrels, and got friendly enough to evolve together the idea of a joint invasion of Spain with the ostensible object of driving out the Saracens. Forthwith embassies were dispatched asking for Adrian's blessing upon the Holy War. Adrian replied separately to each monarch; his letter to Henry has been lost, but in his reply to Louis, still extant, while praising the French King's religious zeal, and his love for the Faith, Adrian said that he did not consider it prudent or safe to penetrate into a foreign country without the

consent of the lords and people of that country. He counselled Louis, therefore, to find out how the inhabitants were disposed towards such an expedition, for, without their co-operation, Louis would lose the fruits of his endeavours, and people would accuse him of rashness. "Your Highness," added he, "should recall how the Crusade to Palestine miscarried through neglect of ordinary precautions, and how its disastrous end involved the Roman Church herself, which was charged with having counselled the enterprise, and assisted in its execution, and everywhere accusations have been levelled at her with much bitterness for having caused so great a misfortune." "These considerations," continued Adrian, "oblige us to postpone giving that consent which the Bishop of Evreux has asked of us, until such time as the prayers of the Spaniards themselves shall justify it." This judicious letter is yet another evidence of Adrian's peace-loving disposition, and prove that it was the exigences of his position, and his jealous regard for the Church alone which drove him into almost continual war.

CHAPTER XIX

THE END OF THE STRUGGLE

I weep for Adonais—he is dead:
Oh weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
. . . . . till the Future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity.

"*Adonais*," *Shelley*.

AT the time when the deadlock between the Pope and the Emperor occurred, envoys from the Roman revolutionary party waited upon Frederick, begging him to confirm to them those institutions, which would, they declared, revive for them the glories of the ancient Republic. Although the Romans, in rebelling against their lawful lord, were guilty of precisely the same offence as that which the Milanese were charged with, nevertheless, that he might embarrass Adrian and compel him to make terms, Frederick gave these envoys a favourable reception, and sent them away with costly

presents, accompanied by three ambassadors of his own, whose instructions were to make an arrangement with the Pope, if possible, but at the same time to cozen the Senate and people of Rome into the belief that the Emperor was willing to grant them all they wished. Frederick was trying "to race with the hare and run with the hounds."

In the meantime Adrian had been endeavouring to keep alive the spirit of resistance against the Emperor among the Lombard cities, and induced them to agree not to make peace without his consent. He also sent a letter to the Archbishops of Mayence, Trèves, and Cologne, in which he likened the Emperor to "the dragon which sought to fly through heaven, and dragged after him the third part of the stars. But his fall was into the abyss, leaving to his imitators this lesson: 'Whosoever exalteth himself shall be humbled'"—a prophecy remarkably fulfilled after Adrian's death.

He also in this letter thanks God that they (the Archbishops) "are found true and faithful, while these flies of Pharaoh, which swarmed up from the bottom of the

abyss, and driven about by the whirling winds while they strive to darken the sun, are turned to the dust of the earth." Then he compares the Emperor to "this fox who thinks to lay waste the Lord's vineyard: thus does this godless son forget all gratitude and fear. Not one of his promises has he kept; everywhere has he deceived us, and deserved therefore our ban as a rebel against God and a true heathen." And continuing, Adrian says: "He sets up his power as equal to ours, but was not the Empire transferred by the Popes from the Greeks to the Germans. The King of Germany is not Emperor until he is crowned by us. From whence then does he derive the Empire but from us? Remember what these German Kings were, drawn about in wagons by oxen like any poor philosopher, before Pope Zacharius I exalted Charles (Charlemagne) to the Empire, and gave him a name great above all names. But what we and our predecessors have bestowed upon the faithful we can take away from the disloyal."

Adrian had promised the Lombard cities

that he would fulfil his sentence of excommunication against the Emperor within forty days, but, while he was preparing it, his own death put a dramatic end to the struggle. Rome, then as now, was always very unhealthy in the late summer, so he left the city for Anagni, in the Campagna, during the hot weather, and was taken ill with a quinsy, of which he died on the first of September, 1159, as we learn from William of Newbury. His German enemies spread a report that, a few days after he had excommunicated the Emperor, he was choked by swallowing a fly, which had lodged in his throat as he was drinking at a well, and that he died before the doctors could extricate it. This, however, was a pure invention of the Ghibelline party, who wanted to persuade the world that his sudden death was God's judgement upon him for excommunicating the Emperor. The truth was that Adrian died before he could issue the ban.

His reign only lasted four years and eight months, and from the beginning to the end was, as we have tried to show, one long struggle between the Church and her ene-

mies. As he himself so pithily said, "he was between the hammer and the anvil," from the day of his accession to the day of his death; if the anvil was at one time Arnold of Brescia, if at another, William of Sicily, Barbarossa, the hammer, hardly ever ceased striking his remorseless blows all through Adrian's pontificate.

It is rather a strange fact that all the six Adrians who have occupied the Papal throne have had short reigns: Adrian V reigned only a month, and the good Dutch Pope, Adrian VI, who in many respects resembled our Adrian, being also of humble origin, of brilliant talents, and of saintly life, only reigned twenty months.

After his death Adrian was taken to Rome, and in that city, where in his lifetime he was not allowed to dwell in peace, his body was laid to rest in a beautiful marble sarcophagus, in the nave of the old Church of St. Peter's and next to the tomb of his friend, Blessed Eugenius III. When the old basilica was taken down in 1607, his body was exhumed, and was found entire with the pontificals in which he was buried; it was re-interred

under the pavement of the present basilica with the simple inscription, "Hadrianus Papa IIII."

Shortly after Adrian's death John of Salisbury finished his book, *Metalogicus*, and concluded it with the following outburst of grief, some phrases of which we have quoted before: "Nor would I do better to weep than to write, and teach by a visible argument, that the whole world is subject to vanity. We expected peace and behold war: the Germans have excited the French and English to war, and the most friendly Kings persecute each other insatiably. To these is added the death of our Lord Adrian, which has disturbed all Christian nations and peoples. But it has moved our England, from whom he sprung, with a deeper grief, and watered it with profuser tears. All good people wept for him, but none more than I. This division in the Church, which our own faults brought upon us, galls the minds of all more, our Father being taken away. In all this trouble but one counsel remains to us, to pray to God, the son of the Immaculate Virgin, that He would calm the storm which

surrounds the ship of the Church, at the prayers of the faithful."

It is much to be regretted that little or nothing has been recorded of the inner life of Adrian IV: true, his motto, "My eyes are always upon the Lord," gives the key to it; for Him he lived, and worked, and suffered, and to the greater glory of God were all the acts of his Pontificate directed. All his biographers speak of his kindliness of heart and graciousness of manner. Success never spoiled the fine flower of his humility, nor drew him from those strict paths of frugality that he had learned to tread in the days of his early struggles. A man of peace, hating war, he was yet driven by the irony of fate into almost continual conflict with those who held temporal sway in Italy. But none could say that he fought for his own glory, and was puffed up with the pride of personal ambition. It was the peril of the Church that drew him into the arena of strife: it was for the honour of the Church that he laboured and died. In the eloquent words of the present Bishop of Salford, "had Providence not raised up this great

Englishman at the time, what would have been the result to Italy and the Church of the West? The glorious history of the struggle for freedom of the Italian republics would never have been written, and the Church of Europe, absorbed in a new and irresistible Caesarism, would have been brought to the condition of the orthodox Russian Church under the Tsars, or of Islam under the Sultans of Turkey."

Almighty God raised Adrian IV, as he raised our present Holy Father, from a lowly station to the highest of all earthly dignities. He raised them both by their own talents, industry, and piety, and for His own good purposes. Both were called to the Pontificate in times of great difficulty, for if Adrian was obliged to enter the battlefield at the head of his troops, and fight with the sword against open enemies, our Holy Father has even a harder battle to wage against the blasphemous heresies and terrible unbelief of these modern days, and shows himself no less courageous than his valiant predecessor in meeting his more subtle foes with the weapons proper to them.

Seldom was the Holy Spirit more wonderfully manifested than in the Conclave which, to the amazement of all then living, gave to the Church as her defenders Adrian IV, of pious memory, and Pius X, whom may God long preserve!

THE END

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